

WARREN  
MAGAZINE



FAMOUS  
MONSTERS  
#109

FAMOUS

# MONSTERS

OF FILMLAND

EXCLUSIVE

FAMOUS MONSTERS  
APPEARS  
ON TV'S  
MONSTER  
HALL OF  
FAME

VINCENT  
PRICE IN  
MADHOUSE

SON OF  
KONG



# HORROR HALL HOST



Ah, the PRICE of FAME! Vincent with Ygor-beaver friend on ABC/TV HORROR HALL OF FAME Special on which FAMOUS MONSTERS' Editor was the Creative Consultant. FJA takes you Behind the Scenes on this Scenic Event, starting on Page 6. In the rest of our exciting pages you'll meet the SON OF KONG, get a KARLOFF Treat . . . and discover a chilling number of other neat things. THINGS, that is!

# OUT OF THIS SWIRL!



Art by Al Seltzer

## SON OF MONSTER MASH

**C**HEF VINCENT PRICE Himself, the great Gourmet of Gore, might have had a hand or a claw or a tentacle in putting this issue together as the Cyclops took one look at it (having only one eye) and observed that it has something for everyone.

—**KARLOFF** Remembered for those legions of us who will never recover from the loss, a lastrum ago, of the illustrious King.

—**KING KONG'S SON** (the story of his life & death in fotos, words & COMICS) for the endless animation admirers.

—**GHOULS**, in the Filmbook of the oft-requested coverage of

the controversial **NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD**.

—**"DEAR PETER"** (Cultured Mr. Cushing of England) in his latest costarring feature, **MADHOUSE**.

—**JOHN CARRADINE** (latest foto), celebrating his 58th birthday.

—**MAKE-UP MAESTRO BILL TUTTLE** & His TV creation, **Instant Witch Woman**.

—**THE INVINCIBLE VINCENT** in action in **MADHOUSE** and **HORROR HALL OF FAME**.

—And Surprises we'll leave you to discover for yourself. A Real Poe Pourri or my name isn't **Ferry Ackerman**.

*FORREST  
ACKERMAN*



RUSTY NANCE

I had high hopes for the Horror Hall of Fame, especially when I heard FJA was associated with it but the Silly Syndrome struck (out) again! They had to lose a good thing up, didn't they, with all that rotten, sophomoric so-called humor I hope I'm not insulting you, Mr Ackerman, if you were responsible for it, but to be as charitable as I can, I thought it stunk on ice.

The straight stuff, especially the interview with John Carradine, was great, but there was far too little of it. Another thing, how can you have a true tribute to movie monsters or monster movies without at least mentioning Dwight Frye, Colin Clive, Geo Zucoo, Basil Rathbone, Elsa Lanchester, Jack Pierce—well, you know the list as well as I. My reaction to the Horrible Hall of Fame old Black Eye was back for us poor bloodin' monster lovers who take our genre seriously.

CHESTER KEITH MORRIS

\* (Mr. Morris, it was my earnest recommendation that while the credits were racing up the screen at the end of the show, a voice should be saying "Horror Hall of Fame also salutes Laurel & Hardy, Fay Wray, the Westmore Bros., all the personalities you just listed & more, and I provided just such a list, hoping the assistance of Herbert Lom, Anton Giffing, Ernest Thesiger, et al would at least be acknowledged. Well, whaddya gonna do? In about a baker's dozen of people responsible for putting the show together, my voice counted for only about one-thirtieth. I did what I could to keep it accurate. But you may have noticed that I couldn't even contact the period after the "J": it came out Forrest J. Ackerman rather than the way I have signed my name since the 30s—Forrest J Ackerman!)

## THIS ISSUE DEDICATED TO JOHN BLACKWOOD



Johnny is a dedicated FM fan (I guess we couldn't say "of many years standing" as, judging from his foto, he's a mite too young to have done much standing) but he's growing older all the time. For instance, on June 4th he'll be one year older. And, we hope, bolder. Won't all you filmonster fans join us in wishing Johnny a Happy Birthday?—Forry Ackerman

## THE SCORE DN 104

"Good show, old boy!" The interview with the great Lee was excellent. Ditto A&C MEETFRANK (sawSCHLOCK and it was so funny I had to sit thru it a 3d time I think you should do an article about NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD. I have seen it twice and both times it scared the devil out of me.

MIKE HUNTER  
Mt. Pleasant, Tex.

\* (A Filmbook? No sooner said than done! Continuing with comments on 104):

To anyone who was unfortunate enough to have missed ABC's HORROR HALL OF FAME: I am really sorry Vincent Price talked with actors such as John Ashin & Carradine. Film clips from the GOLEM, DR JEKYLL & MR HYDE (Barrymore), HUNCHBACK (Chaney), the unmasking of the PHANTOM (Chaney again) to THE BLOB, then up to DRACULA HAS RISEN and even a clip from—the EXORCIST! Vinny Price even held up ish \$106 of FM to the camera! Even a cartoon caricature of Forry Ackerman! How much Horror can you ask for in 90 minutes, I ask you?

CHIP SHELTON  
Branford, Conn.

## WANTED! More Readers Like



JOHN MEGNA

Face it, gang, the horror film is dead.

J.S.  
New Orleans, La.

All I can say about HHoF is, I hope they re-run it soon! It was just wonderful. My cousin & I could pick out quite a few things we recognized as coming from the Ackerman-sion.

CAROL SCAROIND

Imaginative films have always fascinated me and I've been a constant & appreciative reader of FM since #27.

MICHAEL JOSEPH  
Auckland, New Zealand

## WANTED! More Readers Like



MIKE HUNTER

## CAPSULE COMMENTS.

Don't forget Japanese monsters!

JDE BARNES

Involvement makes Mr. Ackerman a great editor.

MIKE ANDERSON  
Chariton, Iowa



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# FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND

6

**HORROR HALL OF FAME** ABC (Always Better Creatures) Presents a TV Special Hosted by Vincent Price and Featuring John Carradine, Wm. Tuttle, Frank Gorshin & the Screen Images of Lorre, Veidt, Lugosi, Red O'Saurus, Karloff, Carroll Borland, Schlock, Quasimodo, Erik & Others.

14

**SON OF KONG** The Little Monarch of Skull Island is Discovered by Carl Denham. A Major Filmbook!

30

**KIKO KOMIX** King Kong's Kid brought to you in A Vintage Comicstrip.

32

**NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD** Ghouls from the Graves, Zombies Marching on Mankind—David Stidworthy describes the Eerie Action of this Macabre Movie that many hail as a Classic of Modern Times.

40

**KARLOFF REVISITED** Commemorating the 5th Year since the Passing of King Boris the Benign. A Tribute in Words & Pictures to the Star of Stars.

46

**MADHOUSE** Vincent Price, Peter Cushing & Robert Quarry combine their Terrifying Talents to drive you Crazy—in case you're too lazy to drive yourself!

57

**PROFESSOR GRUEBEARD** He Looks into the Curse Tall Ball—and Tells All.

58

**YOU AXED FOR IT** Godzilla Meets the Exorcist! Dr. Z Meets Alice Cooper! Some thing for Every body!

63

**MYSTERY PHOTO** If You can figure this one out, you get a free trip down the (piranha-infested) Amazon river on a leaky surfboard.

69

**CRITIC'S CRYPT** Book Reviews to Help You Choose the Literature You Love.

78

**GRAVEYARD EXAMINER** Here There Be Filmonster Fans seeking Penpals, planning Fanzines, drawing Pix, etc.

# HORROR HALL OF FAME

## forry tells the gory story

### a salute to monsters

**I**F YOU were one of the curious millions who tuned in to the hour & a half Wide World of Entertainment Special on ABC/TV near midnight on 20 Feb., you will remember your Host Vincent Price pointing to pictures of Terror's Greatest Trio and saying, by way of introduction:

"Here in the Horror Hall of Fame Room are the most famous names in the world of Horror. The Unholy 3:

"LON CHANEY SR., the Man of A Thousand Faces, who will forever be remembered for his Hunchback of Notre Dame & The Phantom of the Opera...

"BORIS KARLOFF, who came to us as a Christmas present in 1931 as the Frankenstein Monster...

"And the 500-year-old undying Count Dracula—the great vampire figure, BELA LUGOSI."

In his own macabre manner Price continued:

"Now Lon Chaney Sr. left us a son, LON CHANEY JR. His contribution was the unfortunate lycanthrope Larry Talbot—the wolf man." (Pointing to large picture of Lon Jr. in Jack Pierce's werewolf make-up.)



John Astin, Head of Addams Family, gets kick out of Munsterrific pic pointed out to him by FM's Editor, a man noted for his twisted sense of humor—and mind to match.

"And who can forget 'The Lord High Minister of All That is Sinister'—PETER LORRE. Peter first came to the attention of American horror fans in the picture MAD LOVE."

If the dialog sounded like something you read once (or twice) upon a time in FM it is not surprising as, the uncredited, it was written by Your Editor, who was credited as Creative Consultant and who additionally provided many of the fotos, posters, masks, artifacts, etc. featured on the program.

When impersonator Frank Gorshin was introduced next, however, and did his impression of Boris Karloff, complete with lisp, he had a line in his script provided by the show's writer which went "One more comedic outburst and I shall be forced to remove your tongue and use it as a topping for my antipasto." And it was he himself who topped the antipasto gag by adding out

of his own humorous head: "Or even Uncle Pas-to!"

### hearsing & rehearsing

It all began a couple of weeks earlier with a phone call from a brilliant young man named Jerry Kramer who identified himself as a longtime fan of FM. Together with a number of other people he was in a position to put together a 90-minute show about filmonsters and he wanted to employ my services.

Of course I said no.

After being coaxed for what seemed like 1½ seconds (actually it was only 1) I capitulated. After that I gave in. Finally I said yes.

Then began numerous visits to the Ackermuseum of Monster Memorabilia on the part of the producers, the scripter (I provided 2½ hours of



The Great Impersonator. Vincent Price lends a pensive ear to Frank Garshin's impression of Boris Karloff.

background material on tape), the propman, etc.

Inside of about 10 days a tentative script was whipped together and then came an afternoon that most readers of FM would have paid money to have participated in: we all gathered in Vincent Price's home for a meeting with the maestro.

It was all very casual. The more formal among us wore shoes. I believe I was the only one who came in my working clothes: Bela Lugosi's Dracula cape, together with upside down Golden Bat emblem of the Count Dracula Society. (My bat sleeps by day, does his thing right side up by night.)

### forrest j-for-jester

Those who didn't know what the initial "J" in

my name stood for were convinced it was for Jester by the time evening rolled around and our meeting broke up. It all began when Vincent Price read a line: "FAMOUS MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, edited by the world's foremost authority on horror—Forrest Ackerman." There was a pause. Executive Producer Jack Wohl looked over at me and asked "Or would you prefer it 'Forrest J Ackerman'?"

I paused to consider the length of the show: only an hour & a half to treat of over 7000 horror films made in approximately 75 years (to quote the highly qualified educated guess of fantasy filmographer Walt Lee); less than 90 minutes to speak of Chaney Sr. & Jr., Karloff, Lugosi, Lorre, Lee, Cushing, Kong; show the claw of the THING FROM ANOTHER WORLD, a humanoid from THE TIME TRAVELERS, a Morlock from THE TIME MACHINE; watch make-up master Wm.





Two Pastmasters of Horror sit down at a table for a friendly little chat and Uncle Creepy loses his head.

Tuttle turn cutie Candy Clark into a blue-faced, missing-toothed Halloween witch; record interviews with John Carradine & Transylvania's great public relations man, Prof. McNally; etc. etc. etc. Forrest Ackerman or Forrest J Ackerman? I pondered how long we'd be on the air. At last I answered: "Well... I'd prefer the J... *if there's time for it.*"

For some reason this struck the group as amusing.

But the first time I made a pun (I forgot where I was for one mad moment and that I wasn't working on an issue of FM then) the group groaned and Exec. Producer Bernard Rothman, by the power vested in him, declared: "There goes the J!"

So I spent a joyless jay-less 2 minutes until I saw an opportunity to contribute to the script by suggesting the line "With the cost of stakes today, it's hard to keep a good vampire down!" This tickled the funnybone of Exec. Prod. Chuck Braverman sufficiently that he allowed as how I had earned my J back.

But a few minutes later I lost it again.

Then I opened my mouth and lost the entire Forrest!

Before I knew it I was chopped down to Ack! But then I made a comeback.



JOHN CARRADINE, celebrating his 68th birthday, signs first edition of Bram Stoker's vampire classic **DRACULA** for World's Greatest Collector of Fantasy.



Only FM's Editor would dare peer beneath the sheet at the feet of the Amalgamated Monster. "He blanched but he didn't faint," reported Vincent Price. No mean feat!

And when Vincent Price tried out his closing speech—"Thank you all for visiting with me in the Horror Hall of Fame. I trust we'll meet again. Maybe in a crypt... a catacomb... a haunted house... a supermarket... who knows? Perhaps even Forest Lawn"—I spoke up with a plaintive voice: "Perhaps... Forest J. Lawn?"

You see, it wasn't Edgar Allan Poe who drove Vincent Price mad; it was the Ackermonger. I thought Mr. Price had a sort of Dr. Phibeian glint in his eye as he invited me to dinner, promising: "Forrest—I have a fantastic new way of serving roast tongue. It will positively leave your mouth. Er, I mean, it will positively leave your mouth watering."

For the first time in my life I was tongue-tied.

## 11 films in one day

Have you ever seen nearly a dozen horror mov-

ies in 1 day? Actually far less than a day: 1 afternoon? In connection with my work as consultant on the show, I recommended many movies from which great scenes could be excerpted. I said there must be clips from FRANKENSTEIN, DRACULA, THE MUMMY, THE INVISIBLE MAN, THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON. The inclusion of any of these, I said, would measurably increase the impact of the show.

But Universal wouldn't let go.

For Karloff films I then suggested such substitutes as THE GHOUL & THE MASK OF FU MANCHU.

No print of either was readily available.

For Lugosi: MARK OF THE VAMPIRE, RETURN OF THE VAMPIRE.

We got MARK.

KING KONG was a natural, I said. A must. But you didn't see it, did you? That was because

# HUNCHBACK OF NO DAME



Tsk! Looks like Zuckman (Billy Van) is about to bite the hand that freed him!



Vincent Price demonstrates he's a man of iron will as he intrudes his look-alike Ferry Ackerman to his old friend the Iron Maiden.



What Makeup Maestro BILL TUTTLE did to Beautiful Candy Clark wasn't exactly subtle: "I did my best with Ferry Ackerman (left)," Tuttle said, "but that is a face that only a monster could love!"

the Studio wasn't historically minded, only commercial. The price they wanted to cooperate made a guest appearance of Kong prohibitive. So: no footage of Mr. Bigfoot.

But we did get prints of MAD LOVE, THE UNHOLY 3 (both silent & sound), THE PIT & THE PENDULUM, THE EXORCIST, DR. PHIBES, BLACULA, HOUSE OF WAX & several others.

I looked at all of the foregoing—and more—in the course of a single afternoon.

You doubt my word?

Impossible, you say?

10 films, on an average 90 minutes in length, would have taken 15 hours to watch and it would have been 5 o'clock the next morning if I'd started at 1 o'clock the day before?



Vincent Price sits up in coffin after nice nap. For him, hosting Horror Hall was an open & shut case.

Wrong!

I have the names of all you Doubting Thomases and Twonk's Disease (fallen armpits), Tumit-hak's Disease (detached umbilicus) & Phibes' Disease (too dreadful to describe in a family journal) will be visited upon your house unto the 30th generation if you do not send an immediate apology (together with a \$5 bill as evidence of your sincerity) to the Editor c/o your home address.

How did I watch so many films in so short a time?

I watched these movies on a sort of super-tveevola invented in Germany which projected the pictures on a screen at 5 times normal speed! (At that speed even a snail looked like a streaker—and Peter Lorre sounded like Barbra Streisand

hitting her top note.)

## seriously, folks...

If you laffed at the corny humor, I can't claim any credit. Applaud Stan Jacobson. Many people did.

My attitude is wellknown. I hate fooling around with filmmonsters. Pie-in-the-face & pratfalls approach. At least my views should be known far & wide by now: I've been expressing them for the past 16 years to anyone who'll listen. Till people take one look at me and say "Old Blue Face is back."

Do you know how I wanted the show to go?

Same format I've recommended time & time again—to deaf ears.

How would this grab you?

The gorgeous tall girl with the richly-toned skin of her Father who was born on the 50th birthday of her illustrious parent while he was working on the set of SON OF FRANKENSTEIN: Sara Cotten speaking of the "monster" who fathered her—Boris Karloff.

Handsome young lawyer Bela Lugosi Jr. introducing clips from the hits of the vampire he called Dad.

Charming, talented young actress reminiscing of her legendary Father, Peter Lorre.

One of Lon Chaney Jr.'s 3 sons speaking about the son of Lon Sr.

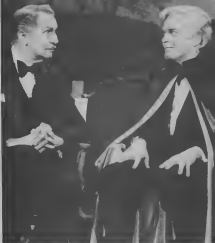
Dwight Frye's son! Conrad Veidt's daughter! Don't you agree with me this would be a sensational approach? Something that would be fascinating to monster fan & layman alike? So hurry up & grow up, one of you talented young imaginative teenagers who will be in a position to produce TV shows 10 years from now and offer me a job that's more than "here comes the blob!"—something I can sink my teeth into (while I still have 'em) and, in my 60s, help create for posterity something worthy of a Karloff Award or a Chaney Award or a Pierce Award if there were such a recognition for superiority in the filmmonster field.

What would you think of—like the Oscar, Edgar, Emmy, Grammy, Radcliffe, Hugo et al—the *Karluchan* Award, honoring combining in memory the best of Karloff, Lugosi & Chaney?

The 90-minute tribute to Jimmy Cagney in mid-March was great altho I hoped in vain thru-out the show that his versatility would be further demonstrated by showing him in multiple characterizations from MAN OF A THOUSAND FACES. But most of all, as I sat watching the wonderful Cagney evening, I kept fighting down a lump in my throat as the saddening thought kept intruding in my mind, shared by legions of you, I am sure:

Why couldn't the King have had such recognition from Hollywood & TV? Why couldn't Karloff have had such a richly deserved hour of honor?

END



Raymond McNally (left), Dracula Expert, gives part look to Price.



Price examines head of android from THE TIME TRAVELERS, in which Editor Ackerman may be seen on TV as Technician #3 "getting things squared away" in the humanoid factory.

# SON OF KONG

the little prince of skull island

## Preface

*In 1933 a 16-year-old filmmonster fan came away from a showing of SON OF KONG and went to his typewriter where he wrote the following report which comes to you, with a very minor amount of modern editing, from this junior journalist via time machine. The boy: FJA*

## denham's disaster

**W**ith all the thrilling weird music of KING KONG, the title of the sequel flashes on the screen. The story opens with Carl Denham facing the consequences of Kong's rampage in New York. A month has gone by and yet he is a notorious & haunted man. Also a financially ruined one. All New York suing him & serving him with notices for damage to property and destruction of lives by his giant prehistoric ape. When a Federal case is to be made of it, he ships off with the skipper of his first voyage.

OF



The 9th Wonder of the World: King Kong's Kolossal Kid



Mutiny! The crew want no more part of Skull Island and make it plain to Capt. Englehorn.



10 eyes turn in consternation toward a sight unseen by many human beings since Time's Dawn.

The first part of the story almost provokes because of an impatience to see the Island and its mighty inhabitants again. Fantasy fans may say they have repeated the fault of KING KONG of filming too long a prelude to the action but it is interesting to observe the result to his captors of Kong's New York escapade.

In a small Dutch East Indies port, Denham runs into the man who gave him the map of Skull Island! He has killed a man, is broke and is anxious to escape from Dutch jurisdiction. Cunningly he questions Denham—did he find the treasure? To Denham's question he tells of a big treasure which he had hoped to go after himself. And Denham & skipper set sail for the Island, murderer become their partner. By a series of circumstances, the daughter of the killed man stows away.

The frightened fugitive, looking only for escape from justice, mingles with the crew and—"You know, of course, how the men of Denham's last venture didn't come back—" So when the Island is sighted, the crew openly rebels at leaving the ship, and Denham, skipper & girl are forced off; given only a small boat & a bit of food; no weapons; but the ship's Chinese cook knew of the plans and goes with them, having managed to smuggle 2 rifles. And the instigator of the plot, when he thinks to take control, follows, as the men laugh and toss him overboard. Denham is glad to rescue him.

## back to skull island

They land; but the Island natives appear and menace the 5 as they recognize Denham who loosed the great god Kong upon them to crash down their village and kill their people. Of a necessity, the 5 re-embark; make for another side of the Island. They discover an inland waterway and row thru a wide, weird cavern to its end. The weird adventure begins.

Disembarking, Denham & the girl set out for a short expedition. They discover a "little" Kong floundering in the quicksand. Denham, somewhat conscience-stricken because of what happened to little Kong—Kiko's—father, and urged by Hilda, pushes a leaning tree into the marsh. With its aid, Kiko works himself free. Meantime, the remaining 3, wondering at Denham and the girl's prolonged absence, set out to find them; and a monstrous, scaly, 3-horned dinosaur rushes them into a cave entrance and harries them there. He cannot enter but smashes his head in furiously and terrorizes the cornered 3. While the other 2 are suddenly confronted by a giant, shaggy black cave bear! The least fearsome-looking of the assorted monsters, yet it is massive in size and much to worry any couple of civilized moderns.

But Kiko comes to the rescue & another grand battle is staged. Kiko emerges with a minor injury: sits nursing a hurt finger. Denham gathers courage with the girl to apply a little first aid. Kiko is grateful for the bandage, a strip torn





Carl Denham courageously sets foot once again on the island which proved his downfall (and Kong's). Noble chieftain Johnson greets them.

from the girl's petticoat.

## kiko the comedian

Here the picture turns scientific comedy rather than continuing scientific fantasy. Kiko, most unaccountably—but highly amusingly—affects a number of our modern mannerisms. When he “knocks out” old cave bear, he clasps both hands above his head and shakes them in the familiar gesture. And, again, he tactfully withdraws when he finds Hilda, head on shoulders of Denham.

Tho the map-maker was deceiving them, with the aid of the small but powerful Kiko a treasure actually is uncovered. In a hidden hollowed rock temple, huge diamonds are found, gems of an ancient people's idol.

## the end of skull island

Other monsters—either mythical or ones I do not recognize—appear and lend excitement; and in the end, all is climaxed by an earthquake which shatters the Island in rapid, roaring scenes. It's a big thrill but I feel that full advantage is not taken of the opportunity for spectacular scenes and that the end comes too soon. Much should be seen of terrified reptiles pushing their ponderous bellowing, hissing & screaming weights over a heaving, quaking land, winged monsters flapping aimlessly above in darkened skies, squawking in terrified flight, all seeking escape

from the doom of the sinking Island...

A hideous marine monster gets the villain.

The skipper & Chinese & Hilda row madly on tossing waters as rocks shower down perilously from the crumbling cavern walls.

Denham, Kiko, are trapped in the temple. Kiko protects Denham and climbs with him away from the water as the land goes down.

Little Kong saves Denham at the cost of his life, holding his friend above the grasping waves. The boat rescues Denham.

Skull Island and all its inhabitants are forever lost. But Denham has Hilda—and the diamond cluster.

NOW READ THE FILMBOOK.

## son of kong chapter 1 the treasure of skull island

“Carl Denham!”

The husky, young chap & his tall, lean, grizzled companion stared at the figure whose shout had electrified them. Its face was unshaven; its eyes, heavy; its ducks soiled but whole; therefore, he was still a step above the beachcomber, who is as familiar to tropical trading posts like Dakang as the hitchhiker to the American highway. He approached, his eyes glued to the whiskey bottle that sat between the men.

“Don't you remember me? Nils Helstrom.”

“Well, for the love of Mike!” exclaimed Carl



First sight of Kika—trapped in quicksand.

Denham. "Helstrom! Sure I remember!" He indicated the older man. "Meet Capt. Englehorn. This is Capt. Helstrom, the man who gave me the map of Kong's Island, skipper. And he wants to know if I remember him!" He grinned. "Sit down. What'll you have, Helstrom?"

At the mention of Kong, Capt. Englehorn also smiled sardonically. It was Kong, dead now but still a fearsome memory to New Yorkers, who had landed them, nay practically stranded them, in this jungle outpost, Kong—the monstrous ape, trapped on a secret island by Denham and brought to New York by Capt. Englehorn! Kong—the terror which they were to have exhibited throughout the world, which was to have made them both multimillionaires at the Ritz and whose escape & death had made them both outcasts in this sweltering shop, crowded with cases, bins, bags, kept by a Chinese in a striped cotton suit.

"So that's your ship that came in last night?" Helstrom asked him.

"Mine & Denham's."

Helstrom turned to Denham. "Then you're the very man I want to see. I heard about you in Singapore—how you captured the biggest animal on Earth and had taken him back to New York. I told you about that island and gave you the map. You must have made a lot of money out of that information. I'm down, Denham. Don't you think you owe me something? How about a percentage for me?"

Denham looked at him with an enigmatic smile.

"You certainly came to the right man. How about a 50-50 split?"

"Do you mean it?" Denham nodded. Helstrom's shifty eyes gleamed. He said in a strangled voice, "What'll it come to?"

"Let's see. 10—no, 11—lawsuits and the privilege of being indicted by the grand jury too."

"What!" The mean eyes glanced from one to the other. He saw in their expressions, ironic & dejected, that it was true. "But how—" he demanded.

"Kong got away. He busted New York wide open before they shot him off the top of the Empire State Building. And I was responsible. Why, if the skipper here hadn't helped me to make a getaway, I'd be on the baseball team at Sing Sing right now."

"Then you're broke too?"

"Broke? Boy, I'm shattered."

"You've got a ship. How about giving me passage on your ship? I lost my own ship. On the Banks reefs." There was a shade of defiance in this statement, as if he were afraid of the effect it might have on the others, but they made no comment. "It wasn't my fault," he went on, too quickly. "You must know what those waters are like. But everyone's down on me. Will you take me to some port—that isn't Dutch?"

Eying him, Englehorn inquired, "What's the matter with the Dutch?"

"I tell you they're down on me," Helstrom repeated. "I want to make a fresh start."

"Do you realize how far we'd have to go to

# THE KING HIMSELF!



So you can compare the Son with the Father.

land you out of Dutch—er—jurisdiction? We've got our living to make, you know. We're trying to pick up freight. We can't run all over the Indian Ocean carrying one passenger."

Denham said goodnaturedly, "Sorry, old man." There was a silence.

Suddenly, Helstrom gripped the table and leaned forward. "Denham, when you got Kong on that island—didn't you get that treasure?"

The eyes of the captain became 2 bits of blue ice. Denham found his voice, instinctively hushed. "Find it? I never even heard of it. Are you kidding me?"

"To tell the truth I—had an idea I'd go look for it myself some day."

"Held out on me, eh?" Denham remarked, without surprise.

"Look, you've got a ship," Helstrom urged, "and I've got the information. Let's throw in together and go after the treasure."

No answer. Helstrom's thick, swarthy hands clenched & unclenched.

It was Englehorn who spoke next. He said slowly, regarding his partner. "I guess we could sail in a few hours. You can take the mate's duty, I suppose?" he asked Helstrom.

"How much do you know about the treasure?" Denham put in.

"Well, the dying native I picked up at sea—the one who told me about the island—talked about a 'golden treasure.'"

"Who put it there?"

"Why—er—the people who built the Great

Wall that appears on the map."

"The lost civilization. Yes, that might be," Denham admitted. He rose and in his exuberance at the thought of fresh adventure he shook Helstrom's hand. "We've off again, skipper! This is the life!"

## chapter 2 mutiny!

Some days later, the captain of the *Venture* and his partner stood on her upper deck, under a cloudless sky, above a pellucid breadth of waters stretching as far as the eye could see. The weather had been perfect. The next land they sighted would be Skull Island, the island of Kong and their destination. Yet a frown of worry contracted Englehorn's forehead as he glanced down at the main deck and saw Helstrom talking to one of the hands.

"Helstrom's very chummy with the crew," he said. "I don't like it."

"Well, call him down for it," advised Denham.

He had his opinion of Helstrom and knew that Englehorn shared it. The Norwegian had certainly been anxious to get away from Dakang—had been in trouble over losing his ship, no doubt. And he did not seem to care very much about getting to Skull Island, though the journey was his suggestion. Scared green, Denham thought. Green now—maybe yellow later. The sailor Helstrom was addressing stood against the bulwarks. Denham noticed that once or twice he



Kiko gets a bear hug on the cave bear. (Sorry about that. [So's the bear])

looked toward the upper deck with a scowl. The 2 went off in the fore'sle.

"If you want me to," Denham added, "I'll just give Helstrom a tip that he's too thick with the crew. Maybe it would be best."

A strange phenomenon took place on deck. The crew as one man swarmed out of its quarters and raced toward the ladder to the main deck. They halted in a compact mass, gaping up at the captain & his astonished partner. Someone nudged Big Gus.

The captain glared at Gus. "Well?"

"Captain, I went down in the forward hold," Gus said. "Captain, I found something—"

The packed group of sailors opened to reveal a pale young girl, dark-haired, trembling, nervously clutching a cloth-wrapped bundle. An exclamation burst from Denham. Englehorn maintained a stunned silence. They were down the ladder almost at once. Then the girl raised her eyes—to Denham. She had big, brown, appealing eyes.

"I didn't have anywhere to go," she murmured.

"Is this young lady a friend of yours?" demanded Englehorn stonily.

"No—yes—I talked to her in Dakang—it isn't my fault! I told her she couldn't come."

"Well, we can't take her back," the captain pointed out.

The girl did not move. She seemed to have the capacity of a wild animal for remaining motionless when frightened. But another man came

down the ladder. She glanced up, took a step backward with an expression of such horror & amazement that Denham swung around to see what could have befallen her.

It was only Helstrom. He, too, had stopped in his tracks, the flushed hue of his skin turning to a sickly green. Something between a croak & a gasp issued from his lips.

"You—you—how did you know—how did you get there? Don't believe her," he wailed to the incredulous captain. "She's crazy."

"You know each other?" Denham asked.

The girl shuddered but made no reply. Helstrom was regaining his composure. He answered with a shrug and the 2 owners of the ship were left, looking helplessly from one to the other, wondering what was up.

The girl Hilda was the daughter of a showman stranded in Dakang. She took part in the tent show organized by her father—a poor enough affair as Denham, having seen a performance, could testify. He had noticed the girl, a wistful little thing, out of place in that background and one day he had met her, wandering distraught about the town. He gathered that the night before she had waked to find the tent in flames and her father, dying, his head beaten in. Denham had given her a little money and advised her to take passage home. Now here she was on board ship.

He had to admit that she gave no trouble—although a woman on board ship is notoriously unlucky for all concerned. Once he caught Hel-

strom bullying her on deck; he stopped that. Otherwise, she made herself scarce, which was a good thing, since each day brought them closer to Skull Island and each day Denham became more preoccupied with his adventure.

He had left word that he was to be called at first sight of land. This happened at dawn. He got up in great excitement, threw on his clothes and ran on deck, followed by the sailor who had roused him.

"It's a thrill coming back here!" he exclaimed. Indeed, the hazards of the island became mere trifles as he glimpsed the sky so clear & pale, breathed the air that had a tang of freshness at this hour.

"You had a pretty bad time when you was here before, didn't you, sir? A lot of men killed," the sailor said in a queer, sombre way.

Denham thought nothing of it except that the man might feel some very natural misgivings.

"It's a tough spot, alright, but the natives will be glad to see us," he replied easily. "We did them a good turn once."

As Denham reached the ladder he could see that Englehorn had called all hands out in readiness. But the captain stood in a very strange position against the bulwarks, almost as if he had his back to the wall. He appeared to be addressing the half circle of sailors who surrounded him.

The Denham felt a round object in the small of his back. It took him a second to realize that it was the barrel of a revolver. He stood perfectly still with shock. The sailor's revolver prodded him. Urged on by the gun, he started down the ladder.

Now he could hear what the captain was saying

to the crew. "I'm warning you all. You're crazy to do a thing like this."

Red, the sailor with whom Denham had watched Helstrom conversing a couple of days ago, was the ringleader. He answered for the crowd. "We're not crazy enough to go to that island."

Herded forward by his guard, Denham reached the captain's side. At the same time, Helstrom pushed someone against him. It was Hilda. Still dazed, Denham took in the fact that Helstrom stood with the mutineers. That was why he had been so chummy with the crew.

"One lifeboat's launched," Red continued, "and there's enough food & water in her to last you for awhile."

"Row yourselves to your damn island and stay there," another sailor put in.

"And if the animals kill anyone this time, it won't be us," added a 3d.

A dozen rifles emphasized their remarks.

Englehorn tried to argue with them. "But what are you marooning us for? What have we done?"

"It's what you're planning to do," Helstrom answered importantly. "Take these men ashore to be killed by monsters!"

At Red's signal the crew began to drive the 2 men & the girl along the deck.

Denham said, "You're not going to shove this kid off, too?"

"She followed you aboard the ship," Helstrom declared. "She can follow you off."

Now Hilda spoke up. "Do you think I want to stay?" she said with scorn. The steady march of the sailors carried them along.

"Aren't you going to give us any guns?"

"There are 2 rifles in the boat. And here's a box of cartridges," Red informed him. "By the time



Very Rare Still of Delgado Dinosaur!

you get it open, we'll be too far away for you to do any sniping."

Big Gus was fending the small boat away from the ship. As Denham got off the ladder, Gus changed places with him and prepared to climb back.

From above came Red's voice. "Cast off!"

The small boat drifted loose. A shout followed it from the sailors at the rail and lost itself in the immensity of sea & air. They distinguished Red's voice. He was telling them to row—"row, you blasted fools"—then there seemed to be a commotion on deck which the castaways did not understand.

Something fought for its life in the water. A head bobbed up. The placidity of the sea was marred by hands striking out wildly. Someone was swimming toward them, thrown off the ship with less ceremony than they had been—they soon realized it was Helstrom. Gloomily, they watched him swim for the boat. With a sort of anguish, Denham exclaimed, "Skipper, have we got to remember he's a fellow creature?"

## chapter 3 a "little" kong

The Venture had been within 4 miles of land. The castaways in the lifeboat watched her steaming slowly away, growing smaller & smaller with distance until at last she was only a speck on a cloudless horizon. Before them lay the land, the burning sand of a tropical beach, fringed by the

mysterious jungle. And that jungle was alive & vigilant, too! Almost at the feet of Denham, first to jump from the boat, the jungle sent its menacing symbol—a spear thrown from the bush.

"Sana tisso? Hala hi!" Englehorn shouted, meaning "Who's there? We're friends."

First the tips of spears separated themselves from the lush, rank foliage, then the busby heads of savages, then their glistening, dark bodies. They advanced—a forest of spears.

"It's the Chief! Did you throw that?!" yelled Denham, pointing to the spear.

The gesture was unmistakable. So was the hostility of the answer which the Chief made across the neutral space.

Englehorn translated: "He says he did because his village is destroyed, his people killed and it is all our fault for leading Kong outside the Wall."

"No matter where I go," complained Denham, "I'm equally popular."

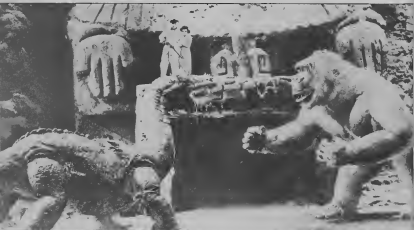
What to do? Behind—the sea. Before—the devil in the form of a wall of savages. Beyond these—the bush, dark under the noonday sun, still as a waveless ocean. Englehorn spoke for them all. "We can't land here without starting a war."

"Tell him not to attack us, skipper," Denham called. "Tell him to remember we overcame Kong and we're still big medicine."

Englehorn shouted. When his voice died away, not even an echo answered and the savages remained immobile.

In silence Denham climbed back into the boat. The others pushed on their oars.

"That's the only landing place we ever saw on



Kiko prepares to knock the stuffings (hope Marcel stuffed the cotton in good!) out of the dromedary.

# SON OF KONG

A black and white movie poster for 'Son of Kong'. The title 'SON OF KONG' is at the top in large, bold, sans-serif letters. Below the title, a man in a light-colored shirt and dark pants is shown in a dynamic pose, holding a handgun and looking upwards. To his right, a woman is being held or attacked by a large gorilla. The gorilla is in the foreground, its face and hands visible. The background is dark and textured, suggesting a jungle or cave setting.

**ROBERT ARMSTRONG · HELEN MACK**  
**FRANK REICHER · JOHN MARSTON**  
**VICTOR WONG · LEE KOHLMAR · ED. BRADY**

**DIRECTED BY ERNEST B. SCHOEDSACK**  
**MERIAN C. COOPER, Executive Producer**

They kept the title of the sequel secret during the shooting of the picture by referring to it in the press as JAMBOREE.



Kiko looks dubious of Denham's intentions toward him.

the island," Englehorn said dismally.

They rowed. The short fell behind them and rose ahead, a series of steep cliffs on which a goat could have found no footing, indistinguishably joined as if they had been sealed together.

When they had almost made the circuit of the island, Englehorn, starting forward, pointed out what seemed to be an opening in the rock. His sharp seaman's eyes had been on the alert. Denham & Helstrom began to row with a vengeance.

It proved to be a narrow cove between towering rocks. The sea crept halfway into it and the cove narrowed rapidly toward the land, appearing to come to a dead end 40 feet from the entrance. Stones showed thru on the small, sandy beach.

"What's the good of this? There's no way out," exclaimed Helstrom in deep disappointment.

Denham turned on him. "It's the only place we've seen where we can get a foot ashore. Maybe we can climb up somewhere. What do you expect? Stick to me, kid," he encouraged Hilda and then, almost running, he hastened to inspect the dead end of the cove.

"This place goes round a corner!" he cried. Fresh hope surged in his voice. "Wait till I take a look." And without further ado, without even noticing in his excitement that Hilda was at his heels, he vanished.

Around that corner there was a narrow passage between cliffs, so very narrow that Denham could barely wriggle thru. He remarked that the ground was littered with rocks fallen from the mountains.

Then suddenly appeared before him a rough

staircase, formed out of large blocks of stone and leading up the side of a cliff. The steps were very irregular & much displaced but to Denham they were more welcomed at that time and in that place than all the treasure in the world. "There is a way out!"

A soft voice said behind him, "See how much lower the cliffs are."

He blinked at Hilda as if he had never seen her before. What did she mean by following him? Yet he was rather glad to have her there to exult in the steps with him. Boyishly, he led the way. Panting, sweating, pulling himself up by his hands sometimes and then pulling Hilda up after him, Denham made his way from ledge to ledge. The last step was knocked out of line so that he had a difficult time getting over it. When he reached the edge, Hilda below handed him his gun and he dragged her up beside him. Kneeling, they caught their breath.

They were on a plateau halfway up the mountain. About 10 feet away another wide ledge rose sheerly, leading to a temple cut in the rock of the mountain itself. There were more steps at the extreme right of the ledge.

When Denham started to rise, his eyes rested on the temple & the great ledge. They fell to the flat ground in front of the ledge.

Like a flash his gun went to his shoulder!

In the gloom of overhanging rocks & thick undergrowth, Denham had overlooked a dark mass in front of the ledge, which quivered, which struggled and straightened up into the form of something hairy, monstrous, yet familiar.



The creature had the face of Kong!

It had the ape-like arms & the vast, furred hands. It was smaller than Kong—not fullgrown.

Then Denham saw that it could not come at them. Tremendous above the waist, its legs were invisible; moss covered & hid the quicksand in which it had sunk.

The creature whimpered pitifully. It knew it was caught. It knew it would die.

"Oh, I'm sorry for it," Hilda whispered.

A big tree had toppled over against the ledge. Skirting the bog, Denham picked up a branch and levered the tree away from its resting place. It fell across the quicksand. The animal ducked, then grabbed at the tree with one mighty paw. Pulling himself up, he rose out of the bog, 12 feet tall, and walked toward the ledge under which the 2 humans cowered. He took a long look at them. He jabbered to himself. Then he trundled off—around the ledge—into the bush. Denham mopped his brow.

## chapter 4 battle of behemoths

Later, before they divided into 2 groups for hunting, Denham told Englehorn that there was a little Kong. Helstrom they dared not tell. He would be too scared. Hilda went foraging with Denham because she could not be left alone, weaponless.

The 2 of them returned to the ledge, their headquarters, toward dusk. They were weary but nothing dreadful had happened and Hilda carried the birds that Denham had brought down.

As they reached the ledge, however, Denham heard a peculiar noise behind them—a rough, scraping sound. He swung around. A scaly length of animal, gigantic, prehistoric, raised its thick neck. It had short, stumpy 3-toed feet; its belly was white. The horror of the sight transfixed Denham. He had barely time to yell at Hilda, "Get up on the ledge!" His rifle spat. Yet the animal came on sinuously.

The dreadful roar of the giant ape roused the jungle. Little Kong leapt on the scaly back. And then there took place such a battle as Denham had never imagined. The trees shook to it, the ground trembled. A small tree was uprooted by the mighty prehensile arms of the ape. With this weapon the son of Kong belabored the beast. He forced it into the swamp, hitting it over its slimy head. It squirmed in a way horrible to see. Relentlessly the spongy ground engulfed it.

With a grunt, little Kong examined the blood on his arms and whined, so like a child complaining of his hurts that it went to the heart of the watchers on the ledge.

"Are you game to try to help him again?" Denham asked.

"Yes, if you are."

Kiko permitted Denham to dribble water on the arm. Denham bandaged the ape's wound.



Denham looks dubious of Kiko's intentions toward him!

Then Hilda & he retreated to the ledge.

That night Denham kept the fire going and watched while Hilda slept. A silent partner shared his vigil. Sometimes the eyes of little Kong glowed at Denham from the darkness or the huge shadow loomed over him.

At dawn there was the ape, peering at Denham over the ledge. Hilda still slept. The others had not returned. Cautiously, Denham started toward the temple, which he meant to search. On his heels, just as warily, came Kiko. Denham pulled at the block of stone which blocked the entrance. With a squeak of joy & interest, and with more success, little Kong also pulled at a stone. It happened to be the block which held up a portion of the doorway. With a mighty crash it subsided in a smother of dust & falling fragments. Almost, Denham's foot was pinned underneath.

Denham's yell of dismay brought Hilda running. Little Kong had hurriedly left the ledge. His head now reappeared, anxious.

"Little Sunshine," explained Denham, "was helping me." He stepped back; his foot went into a cavity exposed by the fallen wall; he staggered & recovered himself. "Maybe if he breaks my neck he'll be satisfied." He stared; his eyes bulged; he fell on his knees. There, under his foot, was a small chamber cut in the rock. It contained



A *Styrococeros* will never bore us. (But he might use his horn to gore us!)

nothing but a chest of some kind of metal, much stained.

"Look! Look here!"

## chapter 5 the treasure

He had thrown back the hasps & lifted the lid. Inside were several curiously fashioned vessels, made of gold, and a pack wrapped in a fibrous cloth. Fumbling at the cloth, Denham tore it. There fell out a string of large stones; they were clear but had not been faceted. They did not sparkle. Denham had a small compass in his pocket. He scraped the glass with one of the stones; it left a deep scratch. All of the stones in turn left scratches on the glass. He stared wildly at Hilda. "The treasure of the Temple!"

After awhile Hilda said in a flat voice, "What are we going to do with them?"

It brought Denham to his senses. A mast & a sail would have been far more useful discoveries in their situation. He folded the cloth about the diamonds, laid them in the chest and closed the lid.

Hallooing came, first faintly, then clear from the bush. Even as Denham rushed to meet his comrades, they staggered toward the ledge.

"We were cornered by some sort of beast," Englehorn gasped. "We couldn't move all night. The serious thing is it broke my gun."

Helstrom was livid. "We're going back to the boat & get out of this place," he screamed.

"Listen, Helstrom," said Denham eagerly. "I

want to tell you—about the treasure—"

"You fool," Helstrom shouted, "there never was any treasure. It was just a yarn. I had to get away from Dankang."

Hilda said, "Yes. Because you killed my father & you were afraid I could prove it when the magistrate came."

"You shut up! The girl's crazy—"

"Why didn't you tell me this, Hilda?"

"He warned me on the boat to keep still or he'd make up something about me. I didn't want you —"

"I'm asking you for the last time, are you coming in the boat—now?" shrieked Helstrom.

"You're giving orders in a very loud voice—for a man without a gun."

The gun was leaning against a stone. Helstrom made a grab for it. Denham knocked him down.

The night Helstrom ate apart. When Englehorn fell asleep, Denham watched. Toward dawn Hilda came to sit beside him.

Little Kong, who had left them, returned.

"Sh!" Hilda murmured. "Look! A bird!"

Denham raised his gun, aimed & fired. A terrified squeal came from Kiko. Denham had seized the gun. He squinted down the barrel; he swung it around so that the muzzle seemed to be pointing in all directions at once. While Denham, dancing with apprehension, shouted at him, Kiko imitated Denham's actions. Only, the gun broke in 2 in his paws.

Denham uttered an agonized cry as the gun fell



The artist's concept (sketch above) vs. artisan's reality (foto below).





The "sea serpent" raises its slimy head and heads for the refugees in the rowboat.

apart. It was their last rifle.

Englehorn & Helstrom, awakened by the commotion, had started up. Knowing of little Kong's existence, Englehorn was not so stunned. But Helstrom was beside himself.

"He won't hurt you," Denham reassured him, "unless I tell him to."

"Denham, this is—look! What's he doing?" demanded the captain.

Kiko, oblivious to the attention which he was exciting, had peered over the edge of the rock. He now reached down & pulled up a native & laid him down at Denham's feet, with happy squeaks.

## chapter 6 savage menace

"I was watching you," the native panted in his own tongue. "The Chief & the people are coming to kill you."

"Now will you take to the boat?" wailed Helstrom.

There was nothing else to do. "Not even a sling-shot among us," Denham mourned. "You're right, we haven't a chance here."

Helstrom ran for the staircase, frantic to reach the apeless sea. Suddenly the savage twisted himself free of Denham, leaped from the ledge & escaped into the jungle. Denham darted after him.

"No use," Englehorn said, catching his arm. "Chief knows where we are anyway."

"I get you. We'd better get somewhere else quick."

Englehorn picked up the box of rations. Hilda hesitated, watching Denham. He gave her a playful shove. "Get going. Be with you in a sec-

ond."

After Denham had stuffed the diamonds in his pocket, he too started for the stairs, only to feel himself lifted in the air & bled, very gently, but firmly—a prisoner of little Kong. He kicked; he tried the tone of pleading, of reasoning—to no avail. He could hear Englehorn calling, "Hurry! Helstrom may take the boat if we don't get there."

"Listen, old man. Use your head," Denham begged of Kiko. "I can't take you. Have a heart. It's just a little boat—" The grasp did not slacken. Little Kong was bound to keep him here!

All at once he was released, as if he had been a handful of earth. The monster's keen ears had heard sounds which he recognized as dangerous.

A yell broke full-throated out of the bush. The savages, in war array, shaking their spears, rushed toward the ledge. Denham had no weapon. His eyes lighted on a boulder. As he struggled to roll it to the edge, little Kong came to his side. He lifted the stone like a pebble. He buried it at the sea of savages. Denham picked up a smaller rock. One native had climbed the ledge. Denham grappled with him and as he did so it seemed to him that the sky was strangely lowering, reaching toward him. He managed to throw the native off. Wild screams rent the air.

## chapter 7 island in upheaval

Good God, what could it be! The cliffs danced around him. A hideous rending & tearing, great crashes—it was as if the earth were being churned like butter by an invisible hand. Denham came to—flat on his back. In a second of percep-



One more life lost as Skull Island, like Atlantis, sinks beneath the churning waves.

tion he noticed that the ledge had slid forward to the quicksand. He remembered what Englehorn said of these islands—the earthquakes. Engleborn! Hilda! Where were they? In his next instant of consciousness, the whole area in front of the ledge gaped away in a yawning crevasse. Natives soothed there, screaming, Little Kong's arm pulled Denham back from the edge of the gulf.

They climbed, Kiko pulling Denham ever upward. They climbed in a bell of thunder, lightning, rising waters; strange creatures swam & flapped about them; trees toppled; animals bounded toward the high ground; where the water rose, trapped creatures floundered.

Slowly the island sank into the sea out of which it had once been flung. Higher & higher the waters rolled until on the topmost peak of the mountain a wave lapped up to Denham's knees, receded. He no longer felt the tug of little Kong on his hand, pushing him up. He looked and saw that the great ape could move no more. His foot was jammed in the rocks. Kneeling, Denham tried to move the boulders. Desperately he worked. Again the huge wave rolled over him and this time it did not recede to its former level.

## chapter 8

### kiko's sacrifice

Little Kong's faithful arm reached up & raised

him out of the water. And the water now reached to the animal's chest. Still Kiko held Denham high in the air. He no longer chattered nor whimpered. The huge eyes in the strangely babyish, whitely hairy face gazed sadly on his friend. Several dinosaurs were sinking in the water, which now covered all the island. Then the sea hid little Kong's head to the flaring nostrils. He breathed—and lifted Denham higher. And then—nothing more of Kiko was visible—nothing but his arm, valiant above the waters, clutching Denham.

"Denham! Denham!" The boat, Englehorn rowing frantically, moved across the waste of waters. The grasp of little Kong relaxed. The boat approached. The boat came alongside. Denham grasped its side. More dead than alive, he was lifted in.

The arm of the son of Kong had disappeared beneath the waves.

Many days later a steamer picked up the 3 castaways of Skull Island. One, Englehorn, was slumped across the stern of the lifeboat in a stupor of thirst & exhaustion. Denham & Hilda sat with arms twined about each other & around the girl's neck was a string of uncut diamonds.

The fate of Helstrom remained mysterious. Perhaps the monsters of the sea & beach knew. As for the island, the last trace of the existence of Kong & Kiko brood had been wiped out.

# KIKO IN KOMIC LAND



## CHAPTER ONE

• Fearless after the escape and death of "King Kong" in New York, Carl Denham, the great ape's captor fled from his creditors and sailed again for uncharted seas with his loyal crew, Captain Englehorn. They reached Java and whiled away a few hours at a shabby little circus whose main performers were pretty Hilda Peterson and her father.

Denham was attracted by Hilda, and she by him. That night the circus burned down, and Peterson was found murdered. Meanwhile Denham was urged to conduct a treasure hunt on a lost island by one Helstrom. Not knowing that Helstrom was the murderer of Peterson, and merely wishing to get away, Denham invited him aboard his ship to guide him to the treasure.

As the ship set sail, Denham's sailors dragged out of the hold Hilda Peterson, who had stowed away for love of him.



## CHAPTER TWO

• Distressed at Hilda's desperate move in stowing away on his ship, Denham told his wife of the Seven Seas that his expedition expected to encounter great dangers in a terrible lost realm, and wished to put her ashore. But she pleaded so pathetically, and courageously to accompany him, that he yielded.

This does not suit the adventurer, Helstrom, who invites a mutiny. The disloyal crew put Denham, the girl, Captain Englehorn and the Chinese cook into a small boat and cast them adrift. Later they tossed Helstrom himself overboard, but he was picked up by the compassionate Denham. The five finally drifted to a wild and rugged island, which Denham recognized as Skull Island, where he formerly captured the giant ape, King Kong. But their landing was resisted by the natives—canibals—who succeeded in driving them away.



## CHAPTER THREE

• Although they feared the natives of Skull Island, Denham and his little party preferred risking a landing rather than perishing of hunger and thirst in an open boat; so they landed on another part of the island. Mounting a high stone stairway leading to the ruins of a time-old temple, they were confronted by a howling monster mired in a quicksand. All fled but Denham and the girl.

Needless of what the monster might do to him, Denham felled a log across the morass, enabling the great ape to crawl out. Denham deduced that this creature was the Son of Kong, although smaller, and more youthful by many centuries.

What might have happened to Denham and Hilda next is not known, for a tremendous prehistoric bear approached them. To their surprise the Son of Kong immediately fought and vanquished this beast. Instead of harming them the ape then started away, just as a new menace, a huge triceratops, approached.

SON OF KONG in comicstrip form looks pretty primitive today compared to the dynamic art that fans of VAMPIRELLA, THE SPIRIT et al have come to expect. But you are looking at genuine collector's item type komix that enthralled an earlier generation of fantastic adventures lovers 4 decades ago. Direct to you from a priceless pressbook—the Editor's own, acquired in 1933—this exclusive feature comes to you as one more in a 16-year-long record of unique treats.



**CHAPTER FOUR:** Seeing Danahem and the girl threatened by a triceratops, a monster even larger than himself, Son of Kong again showed his sympathy for human beings by engaging this creature, and routing it. However, Son of Kong suffered a badly torn arm, which Danahem bandaged. After this, Son of Kong evidently deemed the couple should have a honeymoon on early Skull Island, and would not leave them. Then the giant beast led the way into the old ruined temple of a long forgotten civilization. Danahem now remembered the story of buried treasure told by Helstrom. This place looked promising. A large stone slab in the floor resisted his efforts to lift it. However, Son of Kong, with his massive strength, easily moved the slab, and there, lying at their feet in the depths, was a store of rubies and diamonds greater than the Kohinoor!



**CHAPTER FIVE:** The earthquake which struck Skull Island not only disturbed the treasure hunt of Danahem and his sweetheart, Hilde, and their strange companion Son of Kong, but it sent Engelhorn, Helstrom and the Chinese ship's cook scurrying for shelter. Helstrom reached the small boat safely, and was rowing away heedless of the appeals of the others, when the angry waters were lashed to new fury by a hideous marine monster of mammoth proportions. It split Helstrom, and with one swoop of its snake-like head snapped the unlucky villain out of the boat and swallowed him alive. This happened close to shore, and as the boat drifted in, Engelhorn, the Chinese and Hilde seized it, and got away. They wondered why Danahem had not joined them; but it was because the ape had his foot caught in a rift of the mountain, and was trapped. Danahem meant to stay, attempting to release his huge pal.



**CHAPTER SIX:** There on the peak of Skull Island were Danahem and Son of Kong, helplessly surrounded by the waters of an immense tidal wave which had followed the earthquake. On the waves of the choppy seas Danahem could see Hilde, Engelhorn and the Chinese cook, standing by in the small boat in which they had eluded the cataclysm. But Danahem was unable to join them now. Still the waters rose about him and Son of Kong, the latter held fast by the foot, which was pinched in a cleft of the rock by the quake. The great dumb beast "with the heart of a man" again proved its benevolent nature by holding Danahem above the rising waves.

The small boat made an attempt to approach—succeeded! With King Kong's expiring gurgle the boat tossed Danahem into the boat. And then the ocean closed upon Son of Kong forever!

Danahem and his party of refugees were picked up by a steamer, which became the scene of his end Hilde's honeymoon.

# NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD

when the world runs scared  
and ghouls see red

A Filmbook by David Stidworthy

## sick or classic?

**E**DITIONAL COMMENT: Originally announced as NIGHT OF ANUBIS or NIGHT OF THE FLESH EATERS, in the 6 years since its release NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD has become a picture whose fame—or infamy—will not die. Some cry "classic!" and others decry it as a rich man's BLOOD FEAST. "No characters, no plot, just gore as graphic as in the horror comics of the 50s, tho the makers may not care to admit their origins," says Donald C. Willis in his filmography Horror & Science Fiction Films, adding "The best case yet for the 'suggestion' theory of horror." (Leave it to the viewer's imagination to supply the ghastly details rather than dumping en-

trails in your lap in 3D.) In Willis' view, the critical acclaim accorded NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD is only evidence that today a total lack of taste has come to be considered an artistic merit. Whatever the film's merits or demerits, it has certainly been a commercial success in the Los Angeles area, where I know of no film in the horror genre in recent years that has enjoyed more revivals. 5 years after its release its long-lasting popularity has warranted a pocketbook version and as I write it has at last reached television. For the many of you who have incessantly & insistently requested a coverage of the film, here it is. For those of you who may not have seen the picture, I can only say there are scenes in it more gruesomely graphic than the words convey.—FJA





When the Dead must eat, they're not particular about the brand of meat.



Why are you sitting there looking at these ghouls? Are you paralyzed? Run for your life!

## chapter 1 "the monsters are coming!"

Johnny & Barbara are driving to place a wreath on their father's grave. A simple task for a long journey. A dangerous one, for an indefinable ominous pall grays the peaceful countryside. The air hangs heavy with a portent of peril.

The car enters the cemetery and halts on a hillcrest path. As they get out of the car, the radio announces that technical difficulties are interrupting an emergency broadcast. Johnny shuts it off before the problem can be corrected. Sullenly, Johnny follows Barbara over to their father's plot. To his way of thinking, death is the end of the line. No one in the marble orchards cares if people remember them or not.

Johnny reminisces about the time he & Barbara were here as kids and their grand-dad cursed him with Hell's damnation when he frightened her.

The weatherman said nothing about a storm, but flickers of lightning brighten the sky.

"We're not the only ones here," Johnny says when he sees a distant stranger who takes notice of them. Probably just a derelict who lost his way, he figures, judging from his shabby clothes & awkward gait. Why not use him to put a fresh scare into Barbara? A grotesque something from the netherworld of the unknown that roams in search of victims? So maybe not all of the dead are permanently inactive as we think.

"You see him, Barbara?" teases Johnny. "He's one of the monsters of God-knows where! They're coming for you, Barbara!"

"Johnny, stop it! You're acting like a child!" Barbara is mad now—and embarrassed that another person should see her brother carrying on

this way. "He probably knows you're making fun of him. Let me apologize."

## "run, barbara, run!"

As Barbara meets the stranger halfway, she sees his face, pale & twisted, eyes rolled up & mouth bent in a lopsided scowl. Johnny means it this time when he shouts "Run, Barbara!" and springs to her defense. The adversary, who only wants Barbara, goes down easily but musters the strength to knock Johnny unconscious. Relentlessly, in spastic, convulsive strides, the derelict chases Barbara to the car and scrabbles at the glass. Barbara's heart skips a beat when her ignition key hand feels nothing but empty space. Johnny took the key! Snatching up a rock, the derelict shatters a window as Barbara releases the emergency brake and puts the car in neutral, coasting it downhill as the derelict clings to any metal that affords a handhold. The car deviates slightly and one side is caught against a tree. Barbara abandons the car and flees across an empty field to a nearby farmhouse.

Entering thru the back, Barbara calls for the owner. No answer. Clutching a knife for protection, she goes to a phone but the derelict takes care of that with an arm swipe that rips the outside wire. The sun has set—almost prematurely—and the house darkens into a furnished mausoleum. Barbara ventures into another room where a gallery of beast heads on the walls startle her. On the landing of the stairs she sees a skull half-covered with gnawed away flesh, an eye still resting in its socket. The rest of the disgusting clutter had been a woman. Barbara runs to a window and sees the vagrant. Several other examples of walking rigor mortis join him and just stand



Oh-oh! The ghoul has got him! He didn't run fast enough!

there. 2 blinding globes light up the lawn as a black man jumps out of a truck and hustles Barbara back into the house, acting like he has seen these creatures before.

"I didn't know where I was going," says the man, whose name is Ben. "The roads aren't safe. You live here?"

Unable to get an answer out of numb, bewildered Barbara, Ben goes up the stairs and reels back when he sees the woman. "Somebody's bound to rescue us," Ben says, "but in the meantime, we've got to be calm!"

### chapter 3 "zombies"

"What's happening?" wails Barbara. They hear the noise of breaking glass and see the creatures attacking the truck's headlights with rocks. Armed with a tire iron, Ben battles the things. One manages to get past the open door and charges at Barbara as Ben hammers the curved end of the iron into his pasty forehead. Whatever animates the zombies somehow makes their bodies flammable as Ben demonstrates when he sets this one on fire with a cigaret lighter. The others fall back, shielding their eyes and moaning. They withdraw into the dark but they will be back in greater numbers.

Ben tries to make sense of all of this. "The pickup was empty and there was a radio inside, saying that these things were everywhere. Then a big gasoline truck came screaming down the highway. Driver was being chased by about 20 of them, trying to grab on. Truck went out of control and plowed through a billboard—a moving bonfire. That scared 'em. You know a place called Beekman's Diner? God, they were there, more than 50, surrounding the place. I could hear people screaming. The screaming stopped and they turned to me—all of 'em—I got out of there in a hurry—I wanted to squash 'em like bugs!"

Ben & Barbara tear apart the furniture & woodwork to brace the doors & windows against the invaders.

"What about Johnny?" asks Barbara. "My brother is out there! He's all alone!"

"Your brother," Ben says knowingly, "is dead!" But Barbara won't accept his unsupported word and he has to restrain her with a punch in the jaw. While she recovers on the couch, he pulls the rug the dead woman is lying on into another room. In a closet, he finds a rifle the woman kept.

By the stair railing, Barbara sees drops of the woman's blood merge into a crimson stain as a hand slowly draws back the door to the basement. The 2 who accost Barbara & Ben are fugitives like themselves. The older one, balding & bug-



Burn, witch, burn!—the ancient cry of fear of evil—is replaced by the modern cry of Burn, ghoul, burn!



This terrified young girl, gripped with fear, sees it All Happen... and she'll never be the same again.

eyed, is Harry Cooper; the younger one is Tom.  
"What were you gonna do," Ben shouts, "kill us?"

"If you were more of *them*, yes!" grits Harry.  
"How many more are there?"

"Enough," Ben assures him. "Why were you hiding all this time?"

"How were we to know what was going on up here?" rasps Harry. "With all that racket? Have you tried the phone?"

"Phones aren't working," answers Ben. "I took the precaution of sealing us in."

"Huh" glowers Harry, studying the boards. "You think this will keep 'em away? Might as well be banking on toothpicks."

Ben: "They're slow moving & they aren't very strong."

Harry: "Oh yeah? You know how we wound up in this Godforsaken place? They overturned our car!"

Ben: "Aw, any 6 men can overturn a car! Where's the nearest town?"

"Willard," Tom answers. "Judy & I—that's my girl—we were at the lake when this all began. She had a radio. Mr. & Mrs. Cooper picked us up. We remembered the lady who lived here and—I better look in on the women."

Ben: "Who else is there?"

Harry: "Our little girl Karen. One of those things bit her arm. She seemed alright till we arrived."

"Sounds serious," says Ben, going downstairs with Tom. Helen Cooper & Judy stand over unconscious Karen, stretched out on a table. Judy remains with Karen while Helen gently introduces herself to Barbara, whose mind is deteriorating from the horror. Harry thinks the basement is the only sure stronghold and makes it clear he's in charge of it.

## chapter 4 "zones of terror"

There is nothing to do now but dream the impossible dream of salvation from this nightmare. Barbara sits in a chair by a radio with poor reception, her body present but what's left of her mind in a self-imposed limbo. A TV set is discovered and a local station is reached as a commentator addresses the public.

"The Eastern third of the United States is a zone of terror tonight due to a sudden outbreak of mass murders that began late this afternoon. While there is yet no feasible motive for the killings, they seem vaguely to tie in with another epidemic, of body snatching. In every community affected, cadavers have been disappearing from hospitals, morgues & funeral parlors. Reports of wholesale, unprovoked homicides began coming in from as far south as Miami and as far north as Cumberland, Maryland, where eyewitnesses state the assassins move in groups and appear to be in a trance. Similar reports are en-



Like a nightmare of the Last Man on Earth, the Ghouls came to get the barricaded inhabitant of the house.

anating from New York, Boston, Newark, Pittsburgh & Philadelphia. Representatives of city & state police have coordinated to deal with the menace along with the FBI & the CIA. And there is talk the higher agencies are requesting the help of NASA, the space program. You may have seen odd flashes of light in the sky a short while ago, lending speculation there is something of outer space to do with all this. Until mobilization steps can be taken, citizens are urged to remain in their homes and lock every door & window. People working in factories & offices have been instructed to stay where they are but many have left to rejoin their families. It is imperative you find shelter as these creatures, or whatever they are though they appear human, have been spotted in rural areas as well."

The tiny society in the farmhouse is a little wiser but no safer. Antagonism between Ben & waspish Harry bites at the meat of the matter: survival. "There could be 15,000,000 of them out there!" shouts Harry. "Anyone with a trace of intelligence knows the cellar is the only safe place!"

"The cellar is a death trap!" roars Ben. "No

back exit! Up here we have a chance! We can see what they're doing!"

"Fine, you look at those whatever-they-are! It's your neck! The rest of you come with me if you care about living!"

Ben: "And as long as you're here with me, I'm the boss!"

"They're coming!" Tom shouts, referring to a whole regiment of creatures, refugees of a crazy come-as-you-are party in underwear, bed garments & street clothes—old & middle-aged men, some younger men and a few women, one with a morgue identification tag around her wrist. If fire worked once, it will work again reasons Ben, who ignites a chair and dumps it off the porch.

In the next broadcast, the commentator relates further developments: "Some of the murder victims have been examined. The bodies have been—" his voice breaks as he tries to contain his disbelief "—have been partially eaten. It is the official consensus of all trying to cope with this grisly phenomenon that the killers & missing bodies are one & the same—that the killers are the recent unburied dead! Miami people call them ghouls, as good a name as any. We informed you



Shoot! Shoot! But of what avail a hail of lead against the hunger of the Living Dead?

earlier that the ghouls were seen in less populated regions. Smaller towns have set up rescue stations. Take shelter in the nearest one listed below."

Names pass across the tube. To reach the nearest station, the people must drive. The Coopers' car could be raised and Johnny's could be used if there was another way to start it besides an ignition key. This leaves the gas-thirsty truck. Ben had difficulty handling it so Tom must drive. Judy comes along. Standing in back of the truck, Ben waves a tableleg torch at the ghouls while Harry, from an upstairs window, rains flaming Molotov cocktails on them. A couple are destroyed but that's not nearly enough. Ben shoots the padlock guarding the pump and as the truck's tank is being filled, some of the gas starts to burn. Tom & Judy try to outrun the fire but are forced to ditch the truck. Too late! The truck explodes and they are incinerated. The ghouls scatter while Harry's face, illuminated by the flames, is frozen in horror. Ben races back to the house. The door won't open. "Cooper! Cooper! Open up!"

Ben forces his way in, with a glare at Harry who wouldn't admit him. "I ought to throw you out there and feed you to those things!"

## chapter 5 "attack of the ghouls"

Once the fire dies down, the nocturnal scav-

engers regroup. From the smoking wreck of the truck they extract pieces of Tom & Judy... Their banquet fits the true definition of horror.

The TV commentator interviews a Dr. Grimes, a ranking pathologist. The ghouls are products of radiation from a Venus Explorer Satellite which NASA had destructed when its instruments registered a contagious cosmic force. The Grimes' staff has compiled facts about the ghouls by examining a ghoul basket case in the morgue. "It isn't just people who were already dead when this started who can become ghouls," Dr. Grimes says. "Anyone who dies will turn into a ghoul in a matter of minutes—the same with healthy people who become infected."

"How can they be stopped?" the Commentator asks.

Dr. Grimes: "The surest, most total way is cremation. Remember, this is a plague. The bereaved, I'm afraid, will have to forego burial for their loved ones. Throw the bodies out onto the streets & set them on fire! Or, you can kill them another way by shooting them in the brain. Without operable motor nerves, they can't function. When you destroyed the brain, you've destroyed the ghoul."

Harry can't stop complaining. "2 people are dead because of Ben! I told you that staying in the basement was the safest thing to do!"

"So help me, Cooper, I'll kill you!"

"Go ahead!" taunts Harry. "At least I won't turn into a ghoul if that doctor was right about bullets!"



Clap your hand over your mouth! Wave a copy of **FAMOUS MONSTERS** at them! Runnnnn!

Suddenly the lights go out. Now the ghouls assert their full strength as their pale fingers grab at the window boards, peeling them away. One ghoul's arm lunges at Helen, who manages to break free as Ben, anticipating death, does to Harry what he has wanted to do: shoot him. Harry drags the hulk of his wounded stomach into the basement, stumbling toward Karen to touch her for the last time. Helen sees Karen, now a ghoul, eating part of Harry's right arm. A mother first, Helen pathetically tries to communicate with Karen as her child advances with a sharp-edged garden hoe, driving it into Helen's chest again & again & again. Ben feels Karen yanking at his arm as a pair of familiar gloved hands choke their owner's sister.

As Johnny drags Barbara outside, Ben haricades himself in the basement. Unless they are eating flesh or looking for it, the ghouls have no other reason to exist and aimlessly crowd the room, just standing. Ben sits in a dark corner of the basement, whimpering with distress as Harry comes back—then Helen, the hoe still protruding from her body. Ben shoots them both.

## chapter 6 "dawn of flame"

Morning. In some areas the ghoul menace is practically yesterday's news—the lifting of some medieval scourge or the aftermath of a natural disaster. With the living burning & shooting

them, the ghouls seem less awesome than they were before. In Butler County, Pa., police & deputies, aided by helicopters, patrol the woods & fields, exterminating ghouls as they go along.

The county sheriff says: "We got the situation pretty well under control. It's only a matter of time before we hag all the strays. A couple were hiding in a shed not far from here. They can't last long out in the open. Once we shoot 'em, we dump 'em on bonfires. They go right up." As TV cameras record, uniformed officers & farmers with rifles form hattle columns, picking off ghoul after ghoul as they inch ahead.

The sheriff leads a group of men to the farmhouse. "Looks like there was one helluva cook-out," he cracks, inspecting the gutted truck.

In the basement, Ben hears gunshots & the barking of bloodhounds. The trauma of the night's ordeals have left him a partial vegetable. Cautiously he goes to a window, letting himself be seen by the sheriff, who tells a man to aim at his head. Before Ben can cry out, the deputy's slug hurrows a path thru his brain. The film coarsens into an overexposed graininess as the sheriff looks at him. Alien to the silence inside the house are the crackles of garbled radio transmissions & the sheriff's muffled shouts of "One more for the bonfire! Hurry up with that lumber!" The faceless spectres of a cleanup detail tower over Ben. With meat hooks they drag him away over to a mound of scrapwood soaked in gasoline. Black plumes of smoke stain the opaque sky as the fire does its work.

END

# KARLOFF REVISITED

remembering mr. monster  
the editor shares  
his experiences

## black sunday

**M**any of our readers, I am aware, are around 10 years of age. This means that Boris Karloff has been dead for half their lifetimes. If you are one of those boy or girl monster fans in the 10-year-old age bracket, you will scarcely remember 2 February 1969 as a date of any significance but it was the dark Sunday that we Karloffans, whose numbers are legion, lost our beloved octogenarian.

His stay on Earth was done. His time of departure had come. Prince Sirki reached from the Realm of Darkness to bid a Noble King enter and reign in his domain.

Countless newspapers in scores of languages round the globe announced next day that at last the Frankenstein Monster had died.

And my mailbox cried.





It was a phenomenon I had not anticipated. A role for which I was not prepared. Old & young alike—but principally the young people of the world—turning to me in their time of sorrow to express their sadness at perhaps the first loss of their young lives of a person near & dear to them even if they had never met him, even if he was only known to them as an eerie image on the screen or a voice evoking terror out of the television tube or a name that came to life via words & pictures in the pages of a magazine.

Tears for Boris Karloff. For 2 weeks or more after he died, my postbox wept. Hundreds of letters expressed their disbelief, their sorrow.

I remember the little boy who told me when his little brother was killed he couldn't imagine that anything worse could ever happen. But something comparable had when Boris Karloff died.

I remember the boy who told me a classmate broke the news to him at school and he had to absent himself without permission.

I remember the boy who told me he sat up in bed all night, making a movie screen out of a white wall at the foot of his bed and projecting mental images on it of Boris Karloff: the Mummy... Mary's Monster... Bateman... Dr. Niemann... John Gray... Janus Rukh...

And the phonecalls, the hearbroken phonecalls—The exchanges with Robert Bloch, Ray



IF COLONEL MARCH OF SCOTLAND YARD had been on the job at the time, no doubt the case of Jack the Ripper would no longer be a mystery today.



Villainous Lugosi made Victim Karloff look like that in Edgar Allan Poe's THE RAVEN, made in the closing hours of the Golden Years of Horror Films (1923-1936).

# WHY???



"I am innocent!" is the cry of Dr. Chas. Gaudet. "Why am I condemned here to DEVIL'S ISLAND to die?"

Bradbury, Gary Dorst, Mark Frank, Sheri McAdams & other very great admirers of the very great man.

## triumph & despair

1969 was a year of 2 enormous contrasts: soaring happiness & deep despair. In my own words I reported it in Don F. Glut's book last year (1973) *The Frankenstein Legend*:

"1969: Man on the Moon and Boris Karloff... dead. Is it sacrilegious to combine the 2 events in the same thought? There could, of course, be no comparison in their magnitude. But the lunar landing was something I had looked forward to for about 40 years and the death of Boris Karloff was something I had feared for about the same length of time. Tears were involved in both: the triumphant tears of vicarious vindication after 40 years of faith in the Space Dream; tears of sadness at the inevitable human loss of a cinema giant.

"I never experienced anything like the outpouring of sorrow over the death of Boris Karloff, as expressed by his fans to me as the only person they knew to whom they could directly communicate their feelings of loss. Later that year I was invited, along with 35 other fantasy film enthusiasts and filmmakers from various parts of the world, to a film festival in Brazil, where my suggestion that Elsa Lanchester, the Bride of Frankenstein, eulogize our deceased 'king' was not possible, the honor falling to me instead to open the Festival in the name of Boris Karloff and to dedicate it to his memory."

## my friend, the monster

3 years after Boris Karloff's death I wrote the following words, a portion of my Introduction to Donald Glut's already legendary book about the Undying Monster & the Karloff Image. My gratitude to author Glut for his permission to quote from *The Frankenstein Legend*:

The Frankenstein Monster was one of the best Christmas presents I ever had.

If memory serves me right across a span of more than 40 years, it would have been at the morning matinee on opening day, 24 December 1931, at the Orpheum theater in San Francisco that I first fell under the thrall of Frankenstein.

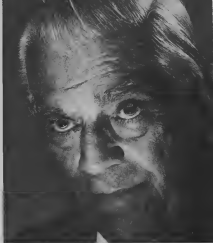
I was a 15-year-old boy then, steeped since 6 in the tradition of thrilling silent films of the fantastic such as DANTE'S INFERNO, THE THIEF OF BAGDAD, THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME, FAUST, SIEGFRIED, THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT, METROPOLIS, THE MONSTER, THE LOST WORLD & 7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN and the exciting new "talkies" such as THE TERROR, THE BAT WHISPERS, HIGH TREASON, THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND and... DRACULA.

When I was 8, I had the wits scared out of me when foolhardy Mary Philbin snatched off the mask of Erik of the catacombs and revealed, as Robert Bloch has put it best, "the naked face of horror" that was Lon Chaney Sr. at the zenith of his power, in the immortal characterization that was the supreme achievement of his make-up mastery, his greatest face of all the famous thousand, in the filmization of Gaston Leroux' ghastly masterpiece. Fortunately I gathered my wits together in time to be present at the Northern California premiere of Boris Karloff's "answer" to Erik. (Although there actually never was any question: Chaney's Phantom was the shining hour of the silent film era's horror history, Karloff's *Monster* the pinnacle of perfection of all horrors created since sound began.)

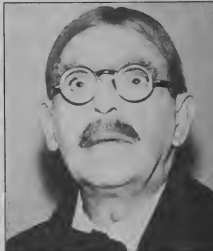
## consummate karloff

The fright sequence in *PHANTOM OF THE OPERA* [still quoting from my *Glut* book preface] remains a classic of instant Total Terror. In *FRANKENSTEIN*, canny director James Whale coolly prolonged the introduction of the Monster for all it was worth. Who, once having seen it, can ever forget the slowly opening door to Colin Clive's laboratory and the backward entrance of the Creation; how the great awkward man-made monster, an automaton of terror, slowly turned about to reveal its shocking face & form to transfixed audiences. In my day there were genuine screams throughout the theater and a nurse in white uniform (was she real or phony?—in retrospect I suspect, it being during the Depression, she was the manager's unemployed sister). During each performance the "nurse" ran down the aisle to escort a fainting "patron" (a plant?) to the ambulance parked outside the movie house as a publicity gimmick. Hep promo men may have helped the reputation of the picture's horror elements along a bit by such pre-arranged stunts but there were plenty, as I said, of genuine screams throughout the theater. I could be dramatic, but false to reality, and report that my own screams were among those echoing in the auditorium but I think that instead I was probably gripped quietly with an inner delight as my sense-of-wonder nerves were stimulated by the unnerving sight before me!

There would be a few more memorable highlights of horror for me in fright films to come—the breaking of Lionel Atwill's mask by Fay Wray in *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM*; the power mad voice of *THE INVISIBLE MAN* Claude Rains in his major outburst of megalomania ("To send thousands squealing in terror at the touch of my little invisible finger! The whole world's frightened of me—even the Moon's frightened to death!"); the first tree-crunching appearance of the sovereign of Skull Island; *KING KONG*; but nothing ever again really to compare with the initial confrontation with Boris Karloff as Frankenstein. No, I haven't forgotten



One of those masterful Lost Faces of the Master taken by Walter J. Dougherty.



From "Lost of the Somervilles" episode of the well-loved TV series, *Thriller*.



The great Jack Pierce makes up Karloff as Mord the Merciless in **TOWER OF LONDON**, Universal 1939, with Basil Rathbone, Vincent Price & Lea O. Carroll in the cast.



Made in Spain as **BLIND MAN'S BLUFF** two years before his death, it was released in the USA a year after he died as **CAULDRON OF BLOOD**.

Henry Hull as the **WEREWOLF OF LONDON**, the lycanthrope of fang & fury; nor Fredric March's Oscar-winning portrayal of evil incarnate in **DR. JEKYLL & MR. HYDE**; nor the hideous end of Dr. Moreau (Charles Laughton) in the House of Pain at the hands of the manimals at the climax of **THE ISLAND OF LOST SOULS**. But above them all: the Karloff Frankenstein.

## son of frankenstein

I remember the opening of the 3d Frankenstein film, **SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**, as an Occasion. In Los Angeles, all of us L.A. Science Fantasy Society fans who could, gathered for the morning matinee. It is possible that a young Ray Bradbury, that day in 1939, sat in the same row with me; a young Ray Harryhausen may very well as well. Henry Kuttner could have been there too.

The same year I saw the Pete Smith novelty short *Third Dimensional Murder*, which featured Ed Payson in a Son of Frankenstein-type get-up doing a Quasimodo-like act of pouring molten metal into the laps of shrieking audiences via the old blue-&-red cellophane lenses technique of 3D. I somehow seem to have been

the only fan who ever actually saw the short subject and for many years carefully guarded the only known still from it.

A year before the release of SON, when the sequel to the sequel was still being produced, Boris Karloff was given a birthday party on the set. Publicity pictures of him survive, cutting his cake, eating pastry in his full pasty-faced make-up, surrounded by his friends & fellow actors; Bela Lugosi with shaggy hair & beard and broken neck, in blacksmith's attire, and dapper Basil Rathbone, impeccably dressed as Wolf von Frankenstein. What we do not have is a photo of Boris Karloff, on the set of SON on his 51st birthday, *with a tear in his eye.*

A tear of joy.

For it was during his birthday on the Frankenstein sound stage at Universal Studios that the joyous news was brought to him that he had become a father with the birth of his daughter Sara Jane.

Sara Jane, who in the latter years of his life was to make him a doting grandfather, devoted to David & Michael.

## remarkable revelation

I didn't meet Karloff's daughter till sometime after he had passed away but one day she & "the boys" came to meet me at the old Ackermansion and it was while we were having lunch together that I made an observation that landed a bombshell in my lap.

"After your Father passed away," I remarked, "I noticed in one newspaper account that they spoke of his having 5 wives. I know of 3; I suppose the reporter confused him with Bela Lugosi, who had 5."

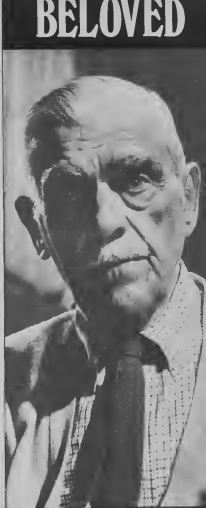
Sara replied very nonchalantly, very matter-of-factly, but what she said really blew my mind (to use the modern vernacular).

To the best of my knowledge, despite all interviews, articles, features, books, biographies, this is the first time this information has appeared in print. When, forever & ever afterward, you read that Boris Karloff was married 6 times—had one more wife than Lugosi—remember that you read it first in FAMOUS MONSTERS and the authority for it was none other than Boris Karloff's daughter.

I hope you have spent a pleasant few minutes with me reminiscing about Sinister Mr. Santa Claus... that you will pause with me now to silently pay your respects to his memory during the 5th year since his loss... and that you will be with us 5 years hence when we look back over 10 years to the time when we lost Boris Karloff and discover what new fotos & facts we have uncovered about the King in the meantime.

Sincerely—Ferry Ackerman.

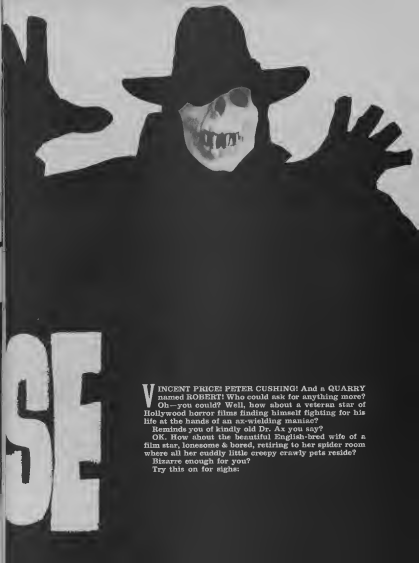
END



Old... Weary... but Still Wanted... Still Working—  
"Mr. Wonderful" practiced his craft (to perfection)  
right up to the End.

leave your  
mind behind  
when you  
enter  
the—

MADHOUSE



**V**INCENT PRICE! PETER CUSHING! And a QUARRY named ROBERT! Who could ask for anything more? Oh—you could? Well, how about a veteran star of Hollywood horror films finding himself fighting for his life at the hands of an ax-wielding maniac?

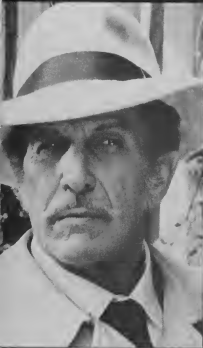
Reminds you of kindly old Dr. Ax you say?

OK. How about the beautiful English-bred wife of a film star, lonesome & bored, retiring to her spider room where all her cuddly little creepy crawly pets reside?

Bizarre enough for you?

Try this on for sighs:

# FOUR FACES OF A FA



Suave



Pensive

**A**fter a gruesome encounter in an old dark house, the veteran horror movie star discovers that one of his old terror classics is mysteriously being projected in the library of the haunted mansion.

A figure disguised as a Living Skull plunges a pitchfork into the screaming body of a terrified woman. How's that for a fitting end to the career of a highpitched actress?

## horror hilites

And what you've read so far has just been some

of the curtain-raisers. (Well, you gotta admit it's curtains for some of the people involved!)

Can you take the agonizing scream of Vincent Price when he discovers that his favorite publicity girl has been murdered?

And in a particularly unpleasant manner?

By a knife thru her neck!

What will your reaction be when, on a foggy London evening, you come upon a ghoulish character you seem to recognize straight out of the horror films of the 50s?

Did you ever think you'd have the pleasure of seeing Vincent Price & Peter Cushing together



# VORITE FILM FIEND



Lovable



Fiery

playing 2 veteran stars of Horrorwood flicks, sitting and reminiscing about the good old ghoul-ish days of yore as they screen their gore pix and recapture their faded glory?

In the midst of a series of baffling, vicious murders that have been plaguing the shooting of the new television show *Dr. Death*, what is the significance of the black glove that is discovered? What is its vital meaning?

A troupe of actors costumed as ghostly apparitions parade around the grounds of an old deserted house. Is there perhaps a *true* ghost among this unsuspecting group?

Who carries the corpse of a lovely young actress to the Thames river?

## trailer of blood

Well, enough teasing, now down to the terror.

Fasten your screech belts and away we go into the wild grue yonder.

Vincent Price plays Paul Toombes.

Toombes, in the 50s, became world-famous in Hollywood for the shuddersome series he made about the macabre figure known as DR. DEATH. Now he is on the comeback trail via a TV series



Nice to see Price & Cushing relaxing between taxing scenes together.

to be made in London, reviving the famous horror creation.

The trouble with Paul is his past. Toombe much scandal, so to speak, that he couldn't handle.

A beautiful young actress to whom he was engaged to be married, found murdered under strange circumstance.

The finger of suspicion pointed at Paul.

Arraignment for the killing... a prolonged trial... newspaper headlines... gossip columns...

At last, acquittal. But lingering doubts in the minds of many. Suspicions that could not be quelled. Was he indeed innocent as found by the court—or was it possible he was actually guilty but exonerated because of his star stature? In the public mind, questions remained. And that ruined his career.

When his career shattered, more than that broke.

His spirit shriveled.

His mind retreated behind a shell.

He suffered a complete mental breakdown that left him an unbalanced wreck.

He remained in retirement for 20 years, his memory kept alive only by his faithful fans, who believed him innocent, and in the pages of FA-

## MOUS MONSTERS.

### out of the tombs

Now, in the 70s, after 20 years of cold-shouldering by his former industry associates, he is welcomed back to a revival of his role by his old actor friend Herbert Flay (Peter Cushing).

But, alas, poor Paul—tragedy seems to haunt his footsteps. For shortly after his arrival in England to reprise his character "Dr. Death," a shipboard romance ends in tragedy. An attractive young actress with whom he'd had an affair en route to England, is found floating in a rowboat on the River Thames.

Dead as any victim of Dr. Death.

### mounting pressure

The police know of Toombes' association with the dead girl, which makes him a natural suspect in the murder case. Their questioning revives old memories, pours salt in old wounds.

And then his professionalism is assaulted by the boorish behavior of his associates on the TV series:

His incompetent, temperamental co-star Carol



Dr. Death enacting a scene with his co-star for the new TV series.

(Jenny Lee Wright)—

His producer, Oliver Quayle (Robert Quarry), whom Toombes had known in the old days. A shoddy maker of cheap Hollywood quickie pix, more like grade Z than B.

At a party arranged to inaugurate the *Return of Dr. Death* series, Toombes nerves himself to go thru with the painful project principally because he has found a good pal & supporter in young Julia (Natasha Pynel). Julia is the studio publicist assigned to the show and she & its star have a friendly rapport.

But the party becomes a living nightmare for Toombes when the female star of the series, Carol, is found brutally murdered.

### tension rising

Reporting to the sound set to do one of his scenes, Toombes is unnerved again when a heavy canopy over a bed crashes. In another moment or 2 he would have been crushed beneath it! As it is, it falls on Blount, the director of the series, apparently killing him.

Then Elizabeth—the girl Toombes had the shipboard romance with and was later found dead on the Thames—Elizabeth comes back to haunt him in the form of her foster parents when they are found murdered and it is discovered they had attempted to blackmail Toombes!

Is he a modern Jekyll & Hyde?

Toombes begins to doubt his own sanity.

### a mind can stand so much

Julia, the pretty, friendly publicity girl, discovers the first piece of concrete evidence but never gets the chance to reveal the clue of the black glove for she is murdered too by the mysterious mass killer.

It is a traumatic experience for Toombes when he discovers the dead body of the innocent young girl in his own dressingroom at the TV studio.

His control shatters like a crystal vase. He has little doubt that he is now in the grip of some nameless impulse totally beyond his control.

He picks up the dead Julia in his arms and, like the father of little Maria (the Frankenstein



Peter Cushing looking kind of like a combination Dracula & Fogliocci.



The Legendary (if Imaginary) Madman of the 50s, filmstar Dr. Death.

Daisy that Didn't Float), walks sorrowfully with the body from which life has departed.

Like a sleepwalker his feet take him to the sound stage where he has been filming and there, after placing the dead girl's body tenderly in a chair, his crazed, griefstricken mind causes him to irrationally set the whole place ablaze as the cameras turn.

Is it the House of Wax all over again?

Is Toombes consumed by the flames?

## phoenix or finish?

When the flames from the conflagration die, there is no sign of Paul Toombes.

Has he played his last role?

Has the actual death of Dr. Death been filmed?

Oliver Quayle (Quarry) now offers the leading role to Herbert Flay (Cushing).

Flay goes down to the set and turns on the videotape to study the scenes of the fire.

Just as the screen flares with the flames—

Sorry, it's not my intention to drive you mad with suspense but you'll have to spend your dollars & cents or pounds & pence to learn the last secret of— MADHOUSE!

## the house of Price

When the venerable Vincent was in England last year making MADHOUSE (which, incidentally, was shot under the title of THE REVENGE OF DR. DEATH, in case you wonder whatever happened to that picture announced in our pages), he was interviewed by David White of the *Radio Times* and some of his remarks, we feel, will interest our readers.

One of the things Price said, which I'm sure you'll all appreciate, is that he's trying to bring Edgar Allan Poe to life for young people. Like I'm trying to keep Karloff & Lugosi & the Chanseys & others alive for young & old alike.

"I'm a great admirer of Poe," said Price. "For the last 15 years I have been going out as a lecturer, trying to bring him to life for young people. Poe is #1 in France but in America they dismiss him as a mere thriller writer."

Price's own efforts to translate his admiration for Poe into pictures foundered (David White tells us) until he met Director Corman. "Roger had a very particular bead on the stories," he said. "We (Peter Lorre, Boris Karloff & I) all laughed like mad but we knew what he was getting at."

The result, as is wellknown to fantasy film fanciers, was the great series including THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF USHER, THE PIT & THE PENDULUM, THE PREMATURE BURIAL &, the one Price reckons to be his best, THE TOMB OF LIGEIA.

## the secret of success

"I think horror stories end up more success-

# UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL



Paul Toombs cries out in heartbreak when he discovers the dead body of the girl who befriended him. He tenderly carries her away.

ful if they're done the Corman way," Price said. "By which I mean to say, letting the audience in on the secret that the actor's enjoying it. I think the audience likes that.

"Sometimes, however, a scene is so totally preposterous, it is almost impossible to do.

"Peter Cushing tells me he has the same trouble.

"Yesterday dear Peter had to fall into a tank of spiders! It's very difficult to fall into a tank of spiders and be Brando."

Well, rah-ther! I should think a tank full of spiders would be frightened if Marlon Brando fell among them.

Can you imagine those poor little black fuzzy furry creatures being mumbled to death by that big burly man?

(While doing the Tango, yet?)

**cushing . . . karloff . . . lorre**

It is always fascinating to hear one horror



Paul Toombes, mythical movie star, or Vincent Price—real life or real—it's a typical interview scene.

actor's opinion of another.

In this case, Price spoke of 3.

"Peter Cushing is such a gentle, erudite, cultured man," he observed.

"And so were Boris and Peter Lorre.

"Yet they played these grotesque parts.

"The idea that actors can be 'cultured' and have serious interests other than acting is still not taken seriously in America. Actors are freaks at home and Hollywood is all Freaksville. I think it was because I started my acting here in England that I escaped all that. Right from the beginning I observed that your important actors were into *everything*—writing, painting & music."

Price himself has a formidable knowledge of the history of painting.

## fame came with horror pix

On top of television programs and appearances on chat & quiz shows, Price now makes a film a year.

"I've been proud of about 70," he says.

"The nice thing about the really bad ones is that they never get shown. I remember one really awful one we made in Spain. A German crew was there making the 'mature' version, where you saw a lot more of the ladies than in the milder print. One day after filming I walked back to the set to see what was going on and—" Well, we must leave the rest to your imagination. It seems more was coming off than was going on and even the unshockable shock-maestro Vincent Price was somewhat shocked!



Is there a madman in the house? You need look no further—Vincent Price fills the bill... and then some!

"I never sniff at my horror films," he says, "even tho I do think some of them have become too much of a cult. Lasting fame would not have happened without these."

Even so, he would like to tackle different roles.

As a consolation perhaps (his interviewer tells us) his horror film roles are being tailored more closely to his personality. "THEATER OF BLOOD was a dream to make," Price says, "and very real to me. I really understand the man who is doing his very best and yet is unrecognized."

He had a similar role not too long ago as the guestar on the *Snoop Sisters* TV series.

## things looking blacker & Blackler

We hear much of the American make-up artists

—Pierce, the Westmores, Tuttle, Chambers, Smith, Baker et al—but not too much about the make-up men of, say, England. George Blackler was in charge on MADHOUSE and he said of Price: "I felt the skull effect was really symbolic of Dr. Death. Vincent's face is very adaptable so there's no need to add anything artificial. I told Vincent he's the only man in the business walking around with his teeth painted onto his lips in luminous white makeup!"

Price enthused about the make-up: "It was wonderful because it was so simple. Just like a child would do to paint its face like a skull for Halloween."

"Tho the make-up took under an hour to put on, it took as long to take off."

That's it, folks.

Vincent Price—long may he rave!

END

# FAMOUS MONSTERS BACK ISSUES



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# PROFESSOR GRUEBEARD

WORLD'S OLDEST ANSWER MAN WILL DEAL WITH AS MANY QUESTIONS AS HE CAN PER ISSUE, AT NO CHARGE TO FM READERS, JUST DIRECT YOUR

INQUIRY TO PROF. GRUEBEARD, FAMOUS MONSTERS, 145 E. 32nd ST., NEW YORK CITY, N.Y. 10016

**Q** I would like to know if a puppet or a man played GODZILLA in the movie?—PAUL VOLPE



GODZILLA

**A** Actually, Paul, there were three different Godzillas. The first was, indeed, a man in a costume. The scenes wherein the reanimated prehistoric monster marched through Tokyo, featured a man in a monster suit. Long shots showing Godzilla razing the city in a large, panoramic view, had a hand-puppet as the creature. And finally, certain scenes of destruction had a foot-tall mechanical robot as the monster.

**Q** I would like to know in what year CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF was made—STEVEN MITNICK



OLIVER REED

**A** CURSE OF THE WEREWOLF, starring Oliver Reed as the monster, was made in 1961 by Hammer films, and was directed by Terence Fisher. This is considered one of the finest of the werewolf movies.

**Q** I saw the movie REPTILICUS some time ago, and I'd like to know what he looked like and in what year the film was made—REID WILSON



REPTILICUS

**A** REPTILICUS was an Ib Melchior/Sidney Pink production released in 1962. The story told of a bit of flesh unsanctified by an oil drill. This flesh later grew into an incredible prehistoric monster. It was finally blown to bits at the end of the film, but each exploded piece threatened to grow into a new monster.

**Q** Can you tell me the titles of all the movies that the Wolfman acted in?—DOUGLAS MAESK



LON CHANEY

**A** Well, we assume you mean the Lon Chaney, Jr. Wolfman, Goug. So here goes. His first appearance was, naturally, in THE WOLFMAN (1941). Then followed FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN (1943), HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1945), HOUSE OF ORACULA (1945) and ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN (1948). More wolf-news below.

**Q** What are the names of the 3 Hammer films based on the Quatermass serial?—DARREL CHRISTENSON



QUATERMASS

**A** The feature films based on the adventures of the British Professor Quatermass are THE CREEPING UNKNOWN, starring Brian Donlevy as the professor and the story of a life force that has taken over the body of an astronaut, ENEMY FROM SPACE, again with Donlevy and the tale of unseen invaders that seek to enslave mankind; and FIVE MILLION YEARS TO EARTH, with Andrew Keir as Quatermass, and about creatures from Mars unsanctified while workers excavate for new subway tunnel.

**Q** What are THEM? You know, the giant ants. Were they just oversized puppets?—PETER SHARAK



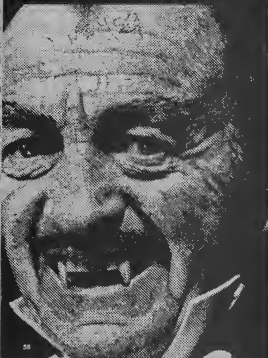
THEM!

**A** You're right, Peter, although that's oversimplifying it. The ants in the film were enormous mechanical robots. The film's special effects were nominated for an Oscar. Picture starred James Whitmore, James Arness, and Edmund Gwenn.

END

# YOU AXED FOR IT!

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Chopping  
Center. Send  
in your  
requests to  
Dr. Shockula,  
Famous  
Monsters,  
145 E. 32 St.,  
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That's DAVID NIVEN as the Thirsty Count in the new soon-to-be-released VAMPIRA movie. (No relation to our own great lady Vampirella) for SAMUEL DAVENPORT & FLORENCE RUSSELL, JAMES KEPNER, MEL BROWN, DONALD WANDREI, LOU C. GOLDSTONE, DR. DEVENDRA VARMA, WALT D. JAMES & F. WORTHRIGHT.

"Something new" is shown for JOHN POKUSA, JOHN W. SULLIVAN, RON WILLIAMS, LARRY KLEIN, CHIP SHELTON, BRAD LAMIE, S. TABELL, BRIAN GRAY & DONNIE STEWART. Ole Doc Shockula hopes the BLOOD WATERS OF DR. Z makes these filmmonster fans see red!

**YOUR INVITATION TO A MOONLIGHT SWIM...  
WHERE FEAR ENDS AND MADNESS BEGINS!**



This chilling Moment from DR. TERROR'S GALLERY OF HORROR reprised for RAY DORN, DAVE HEWITT, "DANDY" ROMAINÉ, HELEN HUDSON, BERT BLOCK, CARL TONWAY, MERLE SWEETON, TED JAGART, LENTON EARLY, MARV SPIVACK & HARVEY FOX.





Alice Cooper Meets The Snoopers! Did you see it happen on TV in The Snoop Sisters? Well, here's a pic of Weird Alice for JOSH KIRBY, PHIL RILEY, ELMER PERDUE, GORDON DEWEY, CAROL VIKING, HOLLY SHERBOUN, FRITZ LAGER, GEROLD DUNHILL & TERENCE CAMP.



THE EXORCIST!!!! MAX VON SYDOW is here to score the Devil out of PAUL CLEMENS, EDYTHE EYDE, MARSHA RADER, KUMIKO KAWASAKI, ROSEMARIE VON DER HEYDT, RAY ENGEL, KAY ANDERSON, ANNE DI DIO, PETE HAINING, TED GOTTLES & "RO-DEO" MANN.



"Can you show us something from a picture we've probably never heard of?" Obliging with DOUBLE DOOR, Paramount 1934, a film that was blurred as being about "The Female Frankenstein of Fifth Avenue." ANNE REVERE shown here for JACK DEUTSCH & J. WILLS.



PETER CUSHING is here (from THE SKULL) to strike Pleasure into the Hearts of BILL DE LA MIRADA, ARTHUR & KERRY KYLE, CARMEN D'ALESSIO, JOHN KOBAL, ROY & DEEDEE LAVENDER, ELAINE McCLANE, LEN & JUNE MOFFATT, MARY MORSE & LINDA SHERMAN.



**KING KONG Comes Back!** For those of you who roved about our Feature on Him lastime and cried Morel Morel Morel here's another shot of the King (careful with that shot!) for DAVID ALYN, JIM FORTH-BANKS, RONALD SHAY, J.R. ATCO, MARC McGREE, RAY REYNOLDS, D.R. BANAT & JOHN LANDS.



# MYSTERY PHOTO

## NUMBER 75

# IS IT THE MAN WHO LAFFS LAST?

Is it Jerry Lewis in **DR. JERKYLL & MR. HYDE**? Is it Chico Marx in **A NIGHT WITH THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA**?

Is it Fred Astaire in **TOP HAT**? Clint Eastwood in **DIRTY HARRY**? Greta Garbo in **MATA HARRI**?

Is it Max Von Sydow in **THE AX OF CYST**?

Is it Dwight Frye in **RENFIELD OF THE MOUNTED**?

You may be right. All you have to do is unravel this simple little sentence—**BILLION CARNATION TROY TOY DUET THING**—and you'll have the name of this Brazilian bombshell. Probably only the picture's still, photographer Norbert F. Navotny, will get it right. But you're welcome to try.



## ANSWER TO MYSTERY PHOTO No. 74

'Twas **JACK THE GIANT KILLER**, creature created & animated by Jim Danforth, who's now engaged on a new project with Bert I. Gordon.

Among the earliest to correctly identify #73 as **MISSILE TO THE MOON** were Raymond Bowle Jr., Scott Leshner, Bill Grier, Mark Ebersberger, Glenn Jumper, Mike Ropsis & Karen Shaub (who knowledgeably added, "Remake of **CAT-WOMEN OF THE MOON**, so there!")—also Sammy Jones & Ran Lee.

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## OFFICIAL GUIDE TO PAPER AMERICANA by Hal L. Cohen \$5.00

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And there's a color section in this paperback book. Here, you will find reproductions of nostalgic items such as trading cards (from Turkish Trophies cigarettes, bubble gum packets, etc.), Sears and Roebuck catalogues, and the beautiful dust jackets of such items as the Photoplay edition of GONE WITH THE WIND, complete with color photographs.

Additionally, there are price listings of baseball cards, pulp magazines (such as DOC SAVAGE, THE SHADOW, and THE AVENGERS), original George M. Cohan sheet music (reproduced in full color), movie stills and posters, and literally thousands upon thousands of related and unusual items.

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## PREHISTORIC ANIMALS by Barry Cox \$1.45

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For fans of monster films, this volume will prove particularly interesting. Many great motion pictures of the genre have used dinosaurs as their stars and menaces as it possible for a dinosaur to have been frozen in prehistory and awake millions of years later to menace mankind? This is one question dealt with by the author.

In addition to facts about the dinosaurs themselves, the work goes into the theory of continental drift, the idea that in prehistory, all of the earth's continents were joined as one solid land mass. And there are illustrations that show how different the earth looked over the varied prehistoric periods.

Oh, there is one aspect of these animals of which the author professes ignorance: "The colors are pure guesswork."

This quality paperback book is highly recommended for all fans of paleontology and the world of PREHISTORIC ANIMALS.



## LUANA by Alan Dean Foster \$1.25

Following in the footsteps of such prolific chroniclers of Africa's seething veldts, writers such as Edgar Rice Burroughs and his TARZAN novels, H. Rider Haggard and his SHE, and many others, is Alan Dean Foster with his interesting tale of an unusual orphan girl known as LUANA.

In the year 1960, so the story goes, a plane crashed into the darkness of a dense, teeming African jungle. The only survivor was a young girl. And as characters from Mowgli to Bomba before her, Luana was found and raised by animals. In this case, a cheetah, a panther, and a lion.

This adventure tells of Luana's rescuing a safari from the deadly clutches of the dread Wandiri tribe and their mission in the dark continent is not the same old Elephant's Graveyard routine; to tell it would be to spoil the fun.

And fun aplenty there is in LUANA. To be sure, a great work of literature it is not. No more so than were THE SHADOW, DOC SAVAGE, or TARZAN. But it is escapist entertainment, something to sit down and read on a rainy day, or after a troublesome exam!

The book is written in lively, vibrant prose, and the action sequences are all handled with good rhythm and pace.

About the only major complaint one could lodge is the fact that the plot is borrowed from too many other jungle adventures.

But if you liked the comic adaptation in VAMPIRELLA Magazine, or are waiting for the upcoming motion picture, then this book is for you. And there's a full color cover painting by Frank Frazetta to boot.



## WONDER WOMAN \$12.95

This is one of the most exciting and well-produced collections of comic book material ever assembled between 2 hardcovers.

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First, though, one must wade through the introduction by Gloria Steinem. Pity it is a more objective view of the Wonder Woman persona was not sought, for Miss Steinem's commentary is steeped in prurient opinion, and it rather ruins the fun that should be Wonder Woman—or any comic book character.

But topical nonsense aside, the stories in this volume are comics excitement at its best. Although since the publication of these stories, back in the forties, Wonder Woman has forsaken her Amazonian garb for the more "with it" skulls of martial arts, these nostalgic nuggets from the Golden Age of comics reek of innocence and the sort of heroes that have all but vanished from the face of the earth.

In this book, our heroine battles the Axis powers, wild Indians, knights in armor, and all manners of weird menace.

The color is exceptional on these stories, the quality of the paper far surpassing any stock used in comic book publication.

There is also an essay on "The Amazon Legacy," a piece that could have been interesting, but it, too, falls prey to the feminist ideal.

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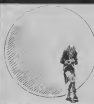


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**TALE OF HORROR** This is one of the few films you can buy for home viewing in the United States. In this classic feature, the Three Stooges make their way into a haunted house and what a howled horror! What monster of phantoms phantoms live within? What is the nature of the ghostly terror? There's a lot of other spooky mystery and suspense when you watch **TALE OF HORROR**. And when something is too dark for this is 3-D. Two parts of these dimensional comedies are available. #21215 \$1.00

**WE WANT OUR MUMMY** Here's a detective, the Three Stooges, in the classic land of Egypt. There, they encounter all sorts of phantoms and eventually make their way to the old and sacred land of Egypt. And when they do, an incredible series of coincidences result. This is one of the most memorable comedies made by the Stooges, a classic adventure starring **THE THREE STOOGES**. #21215 \$1.00

**SHOCKS** Here is one of the few Three Stooges comedies available in the marketplace. In this film, the Stooges battle phantoms and a host of phantoms. And they get it! The Three Stooges are one of the most successful comedy teams of all time, and their classic antics in this 3-D film will make you a fan for life. As well as the special places that come with the film, that you can watch the adventure in home-like 3-D. The phantoms and horror creatures are even scariest. #21215 \$1.00



## ABBOTT AND COSTELLO

**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN** While hunting for a monster, our heroes have the assistance of the creature of the Frankenstein monster to Count Dracula. Count Dracula plans to put the heroes in the monster. Abbott is wooed by a female vampire, the Count Dracula's wife. The Count Dracula's wife leads out the monster and then to the castle. In the end, the Count Dracula is defeated. #21215 \$1.00

**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL** Here, Kuller plays Dr. Jeckyll and Mr. Hyde in the classic Abbott and Costello movie. The banding party gets involved with the good doctor's experiment and before he is completed, Costello, himself, turns into a monster, and subsequently is the only one of the two who can help. #21215 \$1.00

**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO IN ROCKET AND ROLL** Working in the night at a rocket launching plant, our heroes make their way into a spaceship, and the vehicle is accidentally launched into the sky. Here, the heroes make fun of phantoms and a host of phantoms, the Count Dracula's wife, and the Count Dracula's wife. #21215 \$1.00



## Gravienard Examiner

DEAD-LETTER EDITION

JEFF ROVIN, EDITOR

MONSTER CEREALS  
BIG BUSINESS!BOO-BERRY NEW MEMBER  
OF BREAKFAST FAMILY!

For the past few years, a pair of ghostly breakfast cereals have been haunting the shelves of grocery stores across the country. Their names? FRANKEN-BERRY and COUNT CHOCULA, each food based, respectively, on Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley's FRANKENSTEIN and Bram Stoker's DRACULA. These cereals received initial exposure through television commercials and magazine advertisements, and quickly gained favor amongst young monster fans from East Coast to West. Corn Flakes were 'out'; Monsters 'n' Milk were 'in.'

Many were the years FRANKEN-BERRY and COUNT CHOCULA lurked alone beside the Rice Krispies and Sugar Frosted Flakes. But now, through the fanatical efforts of those gremlins at General Mills, 'Boris' and 'Bela' have a companion: The new blueberry-flavored gruel-ghoul known as BOO-BERRY. As with its companion foods, BOO-BERRY features sweet cereal spiced with marshmallow bits. And, with milk, each provides a healthy 8 essential vitamins plus iron.

In addition to being a nourishing breakfast, these three hoasties offer weird and wonderful monster premiums on the package heck. At the present time, for two proof-of-purchase seals, an interested creature can send for the valuable handbook called "How to Be a Good Monster." And not only is it interesting reading, but a fine coloring book as well. It features 32 exciting pages in all, plus a full color cover: a must for all would-be demons.

So why wake up to the



COUNT CHOCULA (left) BOO-BERRY (center) and FRANKEN-BERRY (right) head from Castle Chocula into your kitchen on the cover of the great ghoul guide, "How to Be a Good Monster." Each creature is the star of his own breakfast cereal. Have you yet tried these monstrous delicacies?

routine each and every morning? Start your day with a roar. Cause we all know that FRANKEN-BERRY can lick TONY THE TIGER any day of the week. And who knows? We might next find our supermarkets stocked with such items as KING KONG COLA, YMIH YOGURT, MUMMY MUSTARD... or, dare we think it: FORRY FLAKES!

GEOGRA-FEAR'S  
EXAM

The monster who appeared in the films listed below each menaced a specific city or country. Connect the correct title with the proper city or country and mail to "GEOGRA-FEAR'S EXAM." The winners' names will appear in FM #110.

Tennessee	Washington, DC	Tokyo
Las Vegas	New York	Chicago
Mexico	San Francisco	London
Rome	Los Angeles	Copenhagen

The Black Scorpion \_\_\_\_\_

Dracula \_\_\_\_\_

The Amazing Colossal Man \_\_\_\_\_

Reptilicus \_\_\_\_\_

Beginning of the End \_\_\_\_\_

Godzilla \_\_\_\_\_

The Giant Behemoth \_\_\_\_\_

20,000,000 Miles to Earth \_\_\_\_\_

Beast From 20,000 Fathoms \_\_\_\_\_

Earth Vs. the Flying Saucers \_\_\_\_\_

It Came From Beneath the Sea \_\_\_\_\_

War of the Colossal Beast \_\_\_\_\_

## FM'S MOHALLEY GOES APE!

After completing last issue's KONG spectacular, and this edition's SON OF KONG opus, FM Art Director Bill Mohalley was transformed into a gorilla and went berserk. Here, he puts the touch on his own 'Fay Wray,' fiancée Linda.



## TERRY FISHER: MONSTER MAKER 22-YEAR OLD BUILDS FAMOUS MONSTERS

Mr. Fisher is a 22-year-old graduate of the State University College at Oswego, and has a degree in theatre. He has made student films and considers himself, "a horror fan of the first rank."

One of Terry's hobbies is customizing life-like monsters using, as his base, the Aurora monster models.

"The pieces are then melted into the shape and position that best suits the recreation of a scene from the film," Terry told us, "while the faces are molded from clay, plaster, Elmer's glue, and the plastic heads from the kits. And," he notes, "I always use Famous Monsters of Filmland to assure authenticity."

"One day I plan to make films professionally," says our young, Delgado-borning, and judging, from his fine work, we'd say Terry is well on his way to fame and fortune in the Monster World.



"The Phantom"



"The Fly."



"Mummy"



"Nosferatu"

## COLLEGE STUDENTS WILD ABOUT FM



Students of the Parsons School of Design in New York City, show their appreciation for FM. Above is a rendering of KING KONG by student Mike Snyder. Below, Mike (left) and fellow student Dick Siegel read Kong article in FM #103.



## WINNERS OF FM #107 "GRAVEDIGGER'S DOZEN"

In issue #107 of Famous Monsters, we ran the titles of 13 films in which a number was part of that title. The correct answers are as follows:

### CORRECT ANSWERS

12 TO THE MOON  
13 GHOSTS  
13,000,000 YEARS, B.C.  
THE MAN WITH 9 LIVES  
FAHRENHEIT 451  
THE THING WITH 2 HEADS  
THE 7 FACES OF DR. LAO  
THE 3 WORLDS OF GULLIVER  
THE BEAST WITH 5 FINGERS  
THE 4 SKULLS OF JONATHAN OAK  
20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA  
20,000,000 MILES TO EARTH  
ATTACK OF THE 50 FOOT WOMAN



The first fifty readers to correctly identify the films are as follows:

Bryan Sisson  
Renee Panso  
Gan Sprouse  
Bob Sahi  
Mike Repais  
Ladla Sewyer  
Pats Deulton  
David Lefkowitz  
Brian Wolman  
Tom Stanziale  
Vinca Senchiom  
Jeffrey Gruskin  
Joanne Wright  
Jeff Oung  
Roger McKee

Rand Traversa  
Keeny Janson  
Jim Williamson  
Tim Sola  
Nad Hutchinsonen  
Frank Mensi  
Marc Micheud  
Helena J. Bels  
Frank Binogno  
Tony Bussard  
Andrew Gurnski  
Brian Armstrong  
R. Farreire  
Terry Harman  
Brian McCormick

Jim Kostecky  
Mark Long  
Mark Hill  
Terry Paterson  
Andy Merzic  
Lawrence La Roche  
Charles L. Cassidy  
David M. Keerl  
David MacDonald  
John Mathewe  
Richard A. Warther  
Ed Olla  
Dan Needham  
Greg Sonier  
Armand Banlemio  
Kevin Joy  
Francine Lassarance  
Raymond Bowls, Jr.  
John Dominick, Jr.  
T.H. Culhena

### FRANKENSTEIN'S BACK!

One of the most unique publishing events of the year has taken place... and Boris Karloff's "Frankenstein" is what it's all about. The entire film has been recreated, frame blow-ups numbering into the thousands, in a fascinating hardcover volume, easily the definitive volume on the film.

FRANKENSTEIN



## TWINS STILL FM FANS!

Three years ago, Jan and Joy Black wrote to us and asked that we run their pictures in their favorite magazine. That was back in issue #67. The twins are older now (18 years old, to be precise) and still "have nothing but praise for your wonderful magazine." Our thanks to the Black sisters for stayin' with us!



JAN BLACK JOY BLACK

## JEFF ROVIN, NEW "GE" EDITOR



Graveyard Editor  
hard at work on  
latest edition.

Since it is our intention to make the Graveyard Examiner as personal and friendly as possible, I thought it best to take time and introduce myself. Now you'll know who to blame if we misspell your name. As well, your ideas for columns, contests, and monster quizzes are welcomed, along with queries, creature-news from across the country, and other monster-oriented items.

## NEXT ISSUE . . .

In the next installment of The Graveyard Examiner, you'll learn what these rabbits have to do with one of the mightiest and most fearsome monsters of all-time. Also: Dr. Argos, a new monster test, and more!



## ADULT COLORING BOOKS INCREDIBLE ART IN LARGE 10" x 12" VOLUMES

There has never been a printed guide like these incredible books. To call these "adult coloring books" is inaccurate enough. Yet, these high quality collections of monsters are more. Filled with the heavy, cardboard covers, a valuable encyclopedia of horror knowledge, with incredible full complementing black and white 12"x12" illustrations. The text is lively and interesting, and the books can be enjoyed by the young, or heavily used by adults.



**DINOSAUR  
COLORING  
BOOK**

## MONSTER GALLERY

Between the atmosphere, full color covers of this wacky imaginative volume are magnificent illustrations of such classic creatures as the Cystic Low "The Day After Tomorrow," The Vampire, "King Kong," the Mordred Man "The Little Prince," "Frankenstein," "Dracula," and many notorious monsters that you can make a show better of. The text will tell you everything you've always wanted to know about monsters. Mr. Hyde, The Fly, and others. This is a book that is such a fun to do without. A quality addition to your library.

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Stretch with us, now, to the age of the dinosaur, when reptiles ruled the earth. Open the pages of this pathbreaking wonderland and see the world of the Prehistoric the deadly Tyrannosaurus, the gentle Pterodactyl, and other giant and wonderful animals captured between the full color covers of this volume actually re-created the earth, and you will find the text that accompanies each 12"x12" illustration to be both interesting and entertaining. In addition to the impressive illustrations, there is a full-color mobile on the back cover of the book that has fun while you learn!

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**MOST EXCITING NEW BOOK IN HISTORY!**



**Dracula**





My, Mr. Ackerman certainly is a creative consultant! Those of you who stayed up late enough to watch "A Tribute to Horror Movies" know what I mean. A very ghoulish show it was. Firstly, there was Vincent Price as emcee for the whole show. He certainly is a fine actor, fantastic in all his portrayals including the blood-curdling, spinnethrobbing, breathtaking (not beautiful, either) terror-in-your-soul interesting emcee. A hilarious hunchback did a great job in a supporting role. The film clips were a treasure. One thing I never thought I would see in my life was Chaney Sr.'s unmasking scene in *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*. Thanks to the HHoF it was brought right before my eyes. It still chilled me then so I'd seen his face so many times before. I also enjoyed the few film clips from the eagerly awaited *SCHLOCK*. Vincent Price really rolls his eyes in *MAGHOUSE BAMBI VS. GODZILLA*. From *THEY! TO BEAST FROM 20,000 FATHOMS TO WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH*, they couldn't have picked better flicks. I eagerly hope you will create some more of these specials, aside from *FM*, which was also saluted. Forry, you did a fine job—they even used your coinage, "Horrorwood, Karloffonia."

## ROBOT WYRODEM

\* (Spelling of last name uncertain—only a robot named Robert could make it out.)

Mr. Ackerman, I have a question to ask. Why weren't you a guest on Horror Hall of Fame? I think they should have showed our Editor, Fear-some Forry. It was a good show and Vincent Price was good as always but it would have been much better with you on it. One other thing—more Clemens or else!

## OAVO WERSINGER

\* (Reader Wersinger refers to Paul Clemens, who has proved very popular with his *Film-books of WESTWORLD* and the *PHIBES* duo. You'll be happy to hear he's doing a surprise treatment of a great film! As for why I didn't appear personally on the show—and thank you for the compliment of thinking I should have—I guess my make-up was so great that you didn't recognize me. Remember the monster beneath the sheet? The one with the single rotating blue eye in the middle of its forehead? The creature that was never uncovered? That was me, beneath the sheet!—FJA)

## WANTED! More Readers Like



GEARY J. JOHNSON

REACTIONS TO ABC-TV'S  
HORROR HALL OF FAME

I personally think it was one of the best programs I've seen on the horror film & its actors. And I think it would be a great idea if they could turn it into a monthly show. And on the program they had in one of the rooms a cover from one of your issues blown up to poster size—how about doing that to a few of your better covers and offering it to us the readers? (Check our ad section.) I hope I'll still be around when issue 500 comes up. (So do I! But nearly 400 issues from now I may have to come up from down under!—FJA)

STEVE TABELL  
Cleveland, Ohio

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TERESA KELLY

Sounds! Terrific! Articles on **BLOCK & VAULT OF TERROR** good. The best, tho, was "Forrest Prime Evil"—simply great.

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YES, there's a barrel of fun — just around the corner — for this unwary soul. And more thrills & chills for YOU than a barrel of bloodthirsty bats in this issue of **FAMOUS MONSTERS!**

# DRACULA GOES TO THE DEVIL



THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA are performed by CHRISTOPHER LEE in full view of YOU & YOU & YOU. Just one of the many Devilish Delights (and frights) that make this one of the Best Issues of FAMOUS MONSTERS in the past 16 years. (We must be doing something "rite" or we wouldn't have been the Leading Filmonster Magazine for 109 issues!)